HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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"FIRST TIME OF ASKING."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. HEMSLEY.—[SEE PAGE 354.]

## "THE FIRST TIME OF ASKING."

THE chief interest of the picture given on our first page lies in the humor of the situation, and of the characters and expressions, which, though sufficiently developed, does not reach the point of irreverence. The simplicity of the betrothed rustics; the awkwardness of this first audacious avowal before the assembled village of their private love-making and their determination to take the awful step, reckless of all consequences, of being joined together in holy matrimony, are very amusingly expressed. Irresistibly droll is the gaping, dumfoundered astonishment of the lover at suddenly hearing his name announced before all the world, and realizing that he is now a hero of peculiar public interest; while equally pleasant is it to mark the mingled pride and blushing shamefacedness of his sweet-heart, with her averted, downcast look, and nervous knotting of her handkerchief. Ah! it is for Lobbin and Lucy a moment of purest, supreme romance. For such an occasion well might Lobbin attire himself in his Sunday best, in colors various as the gayest of male birds in pairing-time, those colors brought to a focus by that splendid flowered crimson-velvet waistcoat, and foiled by the full-blown blush-rose; well might Lucy don the nattiest of bonnets and the neatest of brand-new cotton prints!

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

## OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has proved his friendly feeling for this country and his faith in the principle of our government too often and too well not to be sure of a most attentive audience whenever he speaks of subjects in which we are mutually interested. During the late rebellion no man in England more plainly denounced the sympathies and the hopes of the aristocratic party in that country, and no one more vigorously stated the real grounds of the conflict in this. A personal friend and devoted admirer of RICHARD COBDEN and JOHN BRIGHT and JOHN STUART MILL, Mr. SMITH firmly and most ably vindicated with them the cause of liberty and civilization common to England and to this country, which was desperately assailed by the slave masters here, supported by the aristocracy there. His recent discourse at Ithaca will therefore command the most interested, as it certainly deserves the most candid, consideration from every loyal American.

Mr. SMITH speaks always very plainly and very strongly. He did so at Ithaca. He showed with a just pride that his country was a changing, if not a changed, country. He insisted upon the undoubted fact that there are two Englands, the England of the people and of the aristocracy; and he declared that the sympathy of the former was with us during our war, although the threatened loss of the cotton supply would have been their utter ruin. But while this is true, it seems not to be sufficiently considered by Mr. SMITH that it is not with those who were friendly to us, but with those who controlled the government in England that we had to deal. It is true again that the Government might have done worse. It might have recognized the independence of the rebels, and have made a treaty to furnish aid against us. This is what the London *Times* says. But is it a valid defense of a pickpocket to say that he might have been a murderer?

The action of the Government of England, we think, demonstrably showed an unfriendly spirit, and we do not believe that any thing is gained in the discussion by denying it. It may be a vague and sentimental charge, but individual and national conduct is profoundly influenced by sentiment. If it can be shown that the feeling of the controlling class in England was hostile, that is, was not strictly neutral—without asserting that there was intentional breach of faith—then certainly it is very natural that the public mind of this country should be exceedingly irritated, and it becomes very probable that actions were tolerated which would otherwise have been prohibited.

The Government was Whig or Liberal. Lord PALMERSTON was notoriously not friendly to this country. The Duke of Newcastle had been gratified by his reception here. Lord RUSSELL was an old Whig and a reformer of '32. Mr. GLADSTONE was undoubtedly a Liberal. But there was nothing in this Cabinet to make a presumption in favor of friendly action. With the three noblemen the Patrician instinct was certainly stronger than sympathy with a republic. Lord RUSSELL was an anti-slavery man, indeed, but not only was he an aristocrat, but we had officially disclaimed that the war was an anti-slavery movement, and he did not hesitate to say that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence. These are not the words of a friend, nor of a minister of neutral sympathies. And, indeed, at the GARRISON breakfast Lord RUSSELL confessed that he was wrong. Mr. GLADSTONE was plainly indifferent. Certainly it was not a Cabinet that represented the sympathetic feeling of men like GOLDWIN SMITH, and COBDEN, and BRIGHT, and CAIRNES, and MILL; and the action of a Cabinet in which the Foreign Secretary spoke as Lord RUSSELL spoke might justly be regarded with suspicion.

We have no intention of multiplying presumptive proofs of this unfriendly disposition. The London papers and Mr. SMITH lay great stress upon the fact that we do not feel so angrily toward France and Spain and the other powers that simultaneously granted belligerent rights to the rebels. The reasons seem to us evident. England is our mother country. England was the chief anti-slavery nation; and although that might not have authorized her to make a league with us against the rebels; and although we had officially put slavery out of the question, yet at least the sympathies of such a nation need not have apparently leaned against us. Moreover, the political sympathies of the Union party in this country were, as we supposed, shared by the Liberal party in power in England, and we therefore expected nothing more for the rebels than the strict letter of the law, certainly we did not anticipate favor for them. And above all, England and not France was the chosen and successful base of the hostile expeditions against us on the seas. Had the French press constantly slandered us, had the French Chambers cheered the depredations upon our marine, had the French foreign minister openly sneered at us, and had privateers escaped after our official and repeated remonstrance, and ravaged our commerce, we should have the same conviction that France was not an impartial neutral that we now have in regard to England.

There is one striking evidence of this unfriendliness which was mentioned in a very able pamphlet by CHARLES G. LORING, of Boston, upon the neutral position of England, which was published in 1863. When the rebels were recognized as a belligerent power it must have been upon the implied condition that they would conform to the laws of nations. Now, if any thing may be considered established in international law it is that property captured at sea remains in abeyance until condemnation by a competent court, which must be held in the country of the captors. But the rebels never had any prize court, and they never pretended to have. The rebel captor scuttled and burned his prize and appropriated the cargo. This was not once, but always. It continued for four years. It was in effect sheer piracy. It was a defiance of one of the most sacred laws of war, by a belligerent seeking to establish a slave-empire upon the ruins of a free government; and England, in whose ports the ships had been built, manned, and equipped, and who, as "mistress of the seas," might be supposed peculiarly bound to prevent the prostitution of international law to protect piracy, did not even shrug her shoulder, and of course did not protest. If the Union ships had burned every thing they took and appropriated their cargoes without even a pretense of prize courts, would England probably have remained passive? Was it not the plain duty of a sincere neutral to remonstrate with the belligerent whom it had recognized, and threaten to withdraw that recognition unless the offender conformed to the laws of nations?

How this subject was viewed at the time by our friends in England may be seen in an extract from an article by Professor CAIRNES, in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1864. "Let us endeavor to represent to ourselves this episode in our history as it will be regarded by an impartial posterity. During a great civil strife between two branches of a kindred nation—into the merits of the cause at issue we, for the moment, forbear to enter—in which strife we profess to observe a strict neutrality, three formidable vessels, in defiance of our authority, and in disregard, at all events, of the spirit of international law, have issued from our ports. These vessels, built in English dock-yards, equipped and armed by English artisans, paid for by a loan raised in the English money market, in part manned by English sailors—an English navy in all but the name and the flag—now roam the ocean, plundering and burning the property of their adversaries, and, in some instances, our own. The English Government, by simply asserting an unquestionable right, has it in its power, if not at once to arrest their career, at all events greatly to curtail their capacity for mischief; but this assertion of its right it omits to make. When with this omission are coupled the facts that a portion of the English people has loudly proclaimed its sympathy with the cause of the Depredators, and that English shipping is largely a gainer through its comparative immunity from the risks incurred by the belligerent marine, and, lastly, that shameful incident—the cheers which in the English Parliament greeted the announcement made by the principal violator of the law, of the magnitude of the depredations—when these facts are disclosed on the impartial record of history what will be the judgment of posterity?—will the page be one which future Englishmen will read without a blush?"

With these unquestionable facts before them, is it not evident why Americans believe the neutrality of England to have been unfriendly, and why they are unwilling to consider the ravages of the *Alabama* and the Fenian raids upon Canada as matters that may properly set off each other?

## LAW IN NEW YORK.

THE late transactions in the court of Judge CARDOZO should be more intelligibly explained than they have yet been, or they convict him of the most extraordinary abuse of his position. The Judge very naturally and properly was afraid that if a child of a divorced woman, who had been made its guardian, lived with the mother in the house of two aunts who were loose women, the child would go astray. He wished to save the child. He stated, we believe, that he had laid awake at night troubled in mind because of the child. But when the mother should have appeared before him she had fled out of the State with her child, and, as was charged, with the connivance of the aunts. The aunts were thereupon arrested for contempt of court and for keeping a house of ill-fame. They naturally sued for a writ of *habeas corpus*. But they were imprisoned for five days without being examined at all. How much longer they might have been held at the pleasure, or the displeasure, of the Judge, it is impossible to say.

When a lawyer appeared for the prisoners and asked for an investigation, he was warned by the Judge that if he engaged in the case he would make a personal enemy of him for life. But the lawyer was apparently undismayed even by this appalling prospect, and persisted. Whereupon the Judge adjourned the hearing for a week because he was so busy. When it was suggested that the law demanded an immediate examination under the writ, of persons charged with crime, and that if he were so busy there were other judges, the Judge, armed at all points, announced that he had the promise of the other judges that they would not hear the case, but would refer it to him. That is, Judges SUTHERLAND and CLERKE had promised that the imprisonment should be investigated only by the judge who ordered it, although Judge CLERKE, as is stated, had issued the writ.

The reputation of the judiciary of the city of New York is familiar. If it were not for processes for contempt of court it might be said to be a by-word. But we advise nobody to say so lest he be arrested and imprisoned, and the fellow-judges of the imprisoning magistrate agree to leave the whole subject in his hands. If the facts, as reported and published in the newspapers, are correct, Judge CARDOZO has abolished the writ of *habeas corpus* that he may try to save a child from the chance of a dissolute life. The object is certainly good, but the means unhappily imperil the liberty of every citizen. A possible combination between Mr. FISK and Judge CARDOZO is frightful to contemplate. Some daring offender would make an observation upon the Fiskian character, and, presto! he goes to Ludlow Street Jail by order of Judge CARDOZO. When he attempts to have the matter investigated his lawyer is solemnly warned that he is making the Judge an enemy for life, and upon applying to other judges they have promised not to interfere; and, finally, Judge CARDOZO is so busy by day, and lies awake so exhaustingly, a prey to moral reflections, at night, that really he has no time to attend to the matter. In this manner Mr. FISK's offenders would learn the full cost of his displeasure.

Seriously, the facts as reported are such as should excite the strongest public feeling and expression. The two women are shameless, we are told; but the law is for their defense as much as for that of the most eminent and spotless citizens—for a CARDOZO or a M'CUNN. The object of the writ of *habeas corpus* is the immediate relief of persons who may be unjustly imprisoned. The law demands that the examination be immediate. If Judge CARDOZO was so busy that he could not hear the case for a week why did he persuade the other judges to promise that they would not hear it? We distinctly aver that in these remarks we have intended no contempt of Court. How could there be contempt for such administration of justice? It can only excite the profoundest admiration and inspire the utmost confidence.

## THE ST. THOMAS TREATY.

AN article from the chief Copenhagen journal, published after the return of General RAASLOFF to Denmark, states very strongly and lucidly the feeling of that country in regard to the St. Thomas treaty. It is written in a firm and temperate and dignified spirit, and presents considerations which should be thoughtfully weighed by the people of the United States. They are regarded, the article says, as the freest in the world, unlimited masters in the management of their commonwealth. For this very reason other powers should be able to feel confident that in all dealings with them justice and honor will alone prevail. "It is not right that Denmark should be sacrificed because ANDREW JOHNSON and WILLIAM H. SEWARD have given dissatisfaction." The journal is of opinion, and there can be no doubt that it expresses the sentiments of the Government, that if the agreement should now be pushed aside, suffered to drop without any further consideration, or be peremptorily rejected, the insult to Denmark would be so great that that country will refuse to believe in its possibility as long as there is the least hope left.

General RAASLOFF, the Minister of War in Denmark, and for many years Danish Minister in this country, is fully aware of the constitutional requirement of the assent of the Senate to a treaty; and so indeed the consent of the Danish Assembly was necessary before the King could ratify the treaty. But, on the other hand, the Senate is unquestionably bound to an honorable action under the Constitution. The Danish treaty was signed in October, 1867, and submitted to the Senate in December, a month before the vote was taken upon the islands. If the Senate had refused to ratify that would have been the end of the matter, and certainly Denmark would not have complained. But neither the newspapers, nor individual members of the Senate, seemed to be opposed to the confirmation of the treaty, and the vote of the islands was taken and was virtually unanimous in favor of union with the United States. Still the Senate did nothing. The time for assenting to the ratification was extended to February 29, 1868. The time passed, and nothing was done. General RAASLOFF came to Washington, and urged, with great ability and uniform courtesy, the confirmation of the agreement. But all in vain. The Senate has done nothing whatever. Two sessions have passed. Denmark has been placed in a very anomalous and almost humiliating position, while the treaty is apparently pushed aside to disappear.

Should we do this if Denmark were a great and formidable power? The country has a right to demand the grounds of the inaction of the Senate. No self-respecting American wishes to be forced into the appearance of countenancing an indignity to a friendly and modest state like Denmark. It is asked, who gave Mr. SEWARD authority to buy land for the United States? Mr. SEWARD had no authority. Denmark does not claim that he had authority. Denmark did not ask him or us to buy the islands. The transaction was forced upon her by our official representatives. The treaty was made. The vote of the islands, which is an exceptional point in the matter, was taken. Still the Senate will neither ratify nor give a reason for not ratifying. Upon what principles does it proceed? That is a question which we have a right to ask. It ratified the Alaska treaty, at which the country protested. It ratified it promptly. Why? To maintain our honor with Russia. But who gave Mr. SEWARD authority to buy land, or to bind the honor of the country?

Do the United States have honor to maintain only with great powers? The pride and honor of Russia could not have been touched by the refusal to ratify the Alaska treaty as those of Denmark by the contemptuous and total disregard of the St. Thomas treaty. Russia offered; Denmark was entreated. Russia took no vote; Denmark was relinquished by the islanders. If the treaty is defective, if it ought to be rejected, the Senate has still failed in its duty in not rejecting it. The reasons for rejection were no more evident before the vote was taken, or before the specified time for confirmation expired, than now. And we can not but feel that the *Dagbladet* is right in saying: "If there have ever been international relations in which a party could be said to be bound by honor, this is really the case with the United States in its relations to Denmark regarding the West Indian islands." If we do not wish a naval station in the West Indies; if the sum proposed is too large; if we do not wish to buy at any rate whatever, the Senate knew it as well a year ago as now. Why did it not give any such valid reason within the specified time, or before the vote was taken, and so have spared the feelings of a friendly little ally?

## LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

APPALLED by the venality of some of the members of the last Legislature in this State, we observe that some of the Republican journals are in favor of leaving the city of New York to itself. The feeling of some is, that the city can make as good a government for itself as the State gives it. That of others is, that if the people of the city wish dishonest men to tax and govern them, they ought to be left to suffer the consequences. That of others still is, that the Capitol is as corrupt as the City Hall. The reasoning of this last party is, that there are always enough members of the Legislature who can be bought, and that therefore designing men can work their will with the city as well in Albany as in New York; while there is a certain odium arising from the present system, and resting upon the Republican party, of denying to the city the right of local self-government.

It seems not to be remembered that all the rights of local self-government in the city are derived from the State. In our system this right is asserted of the whole political community, not of any part of it. When the rebels alleged that to oppose them was to deny the original American principle of self-government they very ingeniously begged the whole question. Government, says that principle, is justly derived from the consent of the governed. But who in the United States were the govern-

ed? Obviously the whole people. If a majority of them had been shown, there would have been at least consistency in the secession argument. But what was really asked was that a majority of the people of any State should control the people of the United States. Now in this State the division into counties, cities, towns, and villages, and the powers which are attached to each division, proceed from the State—from all the people. A uniform system of municipal, or village, or town government is wholly a matter of expediency, not of right in the American sense. This expediency is of course determined by experience. It is not settled *a priori*.

It was the evil experience of the old system in this city which produced the exceptional one under which it has lately been governed. And if the people of the State believe that the order and health of the city would be as well managed under authority of a strictly local appointment as under those which have been named by the State, they will undoubtedly restore the old system. The Central Park is the work of a Board appointed by the State. So is the Croton Aqueduct. Whether it would have been better for the State or for the city to intrust them to the mercies and chances of a local appointment the people of the State, who are familiar with the city and its ways, must decide.

They must not, however, forget that the city is theirs as well as ours. It is their mart, their port, their metropolis. They are directly interested in its health and its order. If the city becomes "a sore" it is they who will be infected. To those who urge the extraordinary argument that if the people of the city wish to have it a Pandemonium they ought to have it so, it is enough to say that the argument is equally good for Mackerelville. The denizens of that quarter have as much "right" to a government independent of the city as the city has to independence of the State. The simple truth is, that every American community has a "right" to good order, and that must be secured by the wisest application of the American principle.

## THE GOLD SPECULATION.

As soon as it was announced that the Secretary of the Treasury would sell only a million of gold per week, and that he would apply the proceeds to the purchase of Five-Twenties, a speculation was set on foot in Wall Street to carry up the price of gold. The policy of purchasing the Five-Twenties rather than to purchase or pay off the outstanding three per cent. certificates was viewed by Wall Street, whether justly or not, as a decision against contraction, and as rather favoring expansion. The three per cent. certificates outstanding amount to about fifty-four millions, thirty-seven of which it is supposed are held by the National banks. They constitute part of the reserve of banks, and thus partake of the nature of currency.

National bank officers in Wall Street were understood, some of them at least, to have earnestly recommended to Mr. BOUTWELL to do as he has done. Had the three per cent. certificates been paid off to the extent of a million a week during this plethora of gold in the Treasury, the speculators in gold, who became purchasers of it simultaneously with the promulgation of the Secretary's views, would have been afraid to do so to any great extent, or at the high price which it reached. On the 20th May the quotations reached 144⅞. This was the highest point, although it was said that sales were made at 145. The lowest point this year officially reported was about 130, near the time of Mr. BOUTWELL's advent into office.

Such violent fluctuations have always a very damaging effect. The house of SCHEPELER & Co., a firm of long standing and large means—composed of one or more Russians, and once connected with business in Russia—failed on the 15th May, when gold was at 139¾, they having sold large amounts at every successive advance from 133 upward. The market turned downward on the 20th, immediately after the difficulties of another operator for a fall became the subject of discussion.

Some German and other bankers in Wall Street, tempted by the high price of gold, sold exchange largely, drawn against bonds, which bonds went by the steamer of the 22d May. These bonds were sold in London on the 20th and 21st by means of the cable telegraph, and part of the exchange drawn against them was disposed of in like manner. Bonds are sold in London deliverable twice a month (1st and 15th, as near as may be), and they are consequently sent for delivery accordingly. The bankers who deal largely in bonds keep them there and here, and direct a delivery on the other side to complete the sale, by telegram, and remit others to take their place.

The sale of exchange through means of the cable is conducted often in this manner. A person here, having funds in London, directs his banker or principal there to transfer a given sum to the banker of the New York purchaser. The party who receives the transfer in England notifies the New York purchaser of the fact, and the latter thereupon pays the seller the price of the exchange in gold or its equivalent. The day in England being five hours earlier than here, when noon arrives in New York business is over in London. So that these telegrams directing a transfer are ordinarily sent from New York in the afternoon, and it is usual to answer them in London at early business hours the next morning. A message sent from London at ten o'clock in the morning announcing the completion of the transfer reaches New York before business commences on the same day; and when a banker goes to his office in Wall Street at ten o'clock he finds the message on his table. Both parties use the cable, and the rule is that the seller pays for the message over, and the purchaser for the answer. Large amounts have been sold in this manner, arising out of transactions in bonds. Parties whose credit here is too weak to sell exchange in the ordinary manner find it a great convenience to sell through the cable, as they are put in funds in about twelve hours; whereas, if they had to wait for telegraphic notice of the acceptance in London of regularly drawn bills, a fortnight or more would be consumed; and if notice by mail were required double the time would be necessary.

The break in the gold market on the 20th and 21st May was due, in part, to *reports* of a change in the Treasury policy. It was stated in Wall Street that, instead of selling only one million of gold per week, the Secretary intended to sell two, and that he would apply the whole or part of the proceeds to the purchase of the three per cent. certificates. It appears, however, that while the sales of gold are increased to $2,000,000 per week (half on Monday and half on Thursday) the purchase of $1,000,000 of bonds continues. Bonds in London did not decline to correspond with the advance in gold here, and consequently the sale of bonds abroad at a profit was possible. This sale of bonds to the extent of several millions, and of exchange founded upon it, had a powerful effect to lower the price of gold and to postpone its shipment.

The advance by the Bank of England in the rate of interest to five per cent., and the rapid and large advance in the price of gold here, have created a profound impression at Washington and in all financial circles. The policy of the Bank of England was not a matter of choice; it was due to the financial situation, and will unquestionably be carried out if possible by such further increase in the rate of interest as the object may require. As it arose from financial pressure, which was felt also in Frankfort, the question arises what will be its effect on our securities? Will it prevent the absortion of more bonds? and if so, will it induce a return of them to our market?

The act of March, 1867, which authorized the creation of fifty millions of three per cent. certificates, directed that they should be made payable in *lawful money on demand*, and be issued in the manner prescribed in the 4th section of the act of February 25, 1862, which provides that the interest on the certificates therein mentioned shall cease at the pleasure of the Secretary of the Treasury. Other certificates were issued under the act of July 2, 1868. No *demand* is made for payment; and if it is competent for the Secretary to stop the running of interest and pay them off at his pleasure, it is very evident that *lawful money* would be demanded, and, that if large amounts of legal tenders were suddenly required, the banks which hold these certificates as a reserve might be brought into direct antagonism with the Treasury.

It is competent for the Secretary of the Treasury, under the act of February 25, 1862, authorizing the creation of a sinking fund, to purchase 1 per centum of *any part* of the public debt, so that either the three per cents. or the Five-Twenties may be obtained in his discretion. It is an error to suppose that the public credit bill of last session repeals or postpones the sinking fund act; but whatever may be the decision, whether to purchase the one or the other, or to delay or change action in view of new and important circumstances, it is clear that the sinking fund act contemplates the *direct* application of whatever gold may remain after the payment of interest to the purchase of those securities, instead of the sale of gold and their purchase with currency. If the positive terms of the law are followed, the risk which attends the circuitous course will be avoided, and the accounts of the Department will show on their face that the securities, instead of being purchased at a premium with currency, were purchased at a discount with gold. This is more matter of form than of substance.

The advance in gold to a premium above 130 could not have been prevented by any policy, as the balance of trade is against this country. Much of the excess of imports over our exports is caused by foreign manufacturers. They have produced more than they find a market for, and force a portion of their surplus upon this country. The plethora in gold in the Treasury, if it can be called a plethora, is the result of imprudence which can not continue.

In view of these important matters it is very evident that the recent policy of the Treasury is inadequate to the new situation, and that the greatest caution and wisdom are now required.

## THE CUBAN WAR.

FROM Cuba there is no intelligible report, and public interest here in the revolution rather declines. The Central Junta in New York has, however, issued a circular from CESPEDES. It is dated at the Head-quarters of the Liberating Army, and begins with a reference to "an important triumph," which, from the context, we presume to be moral and not military. CESPEDES says, "Union among the free people of Cuba is already an accomplished fact, as a Federal Democratic Republic has been established throughout the island with an approved provisional constitution." The island has been divided into four departments, and there are a President of the Republic, a President of the House of Representatives, a Minister of War, and a Commander-in-Chief; and there is an intention of other necessary officers of government. There is also a flag, which is the same as that unfurled by LOPEZ and other former unhappy leaders. Besides, "the flag raised in Manzanillo will wave continually in the hall of the House of Representatives as a tribute to the victorious events over which it presides, and in memory of those who died fighting to sustain it."

It is not possible to read this circular without sadness. It is so exalted and so vague. It so leaves every thing in obscurity still more profound than that in which it now rests. Of the patriotic devotion of CESPEDES and his friends there can be no doubt. Of the huge tyranny against which they protest with their lives in their hands there is no question. Nor is there any question of the readiness of the people of this country to be glad of the deliverance of Cuba from the Spanish connection. But the Cubans themselves are either indifferent or inefficient or outnumbered. The reports of battles, of a decided victory at last, of an imminent success, of coming developments, of secret and satisfactory preparations, have ceased to inspire any cheerfulness or confidence. Nothing will revive an active interest but a distinct and substantial victory, or the evidence of an established civil government.

## THE MINISTER TO SPAIN.

OF the ability of General SICKLES there is no question, nor of his faithful service during the war and as the commander of a Department. That it is ungenerous to remember political errors after they have been, to say the least, condoned by service in the field, is not to be denied; nor is it ever too late for any man honestly to change his views and his course. But with all that may be truly said in favor of the General's appointment to Spain, there is, it seems to us, a certain deep sense of propriety that forbade it, and which also forbids the acquiescence implied by silence upon the part of those who disapprove. The Administration may justly say that it can not be censured for appointing to a peculiarly representative position one whom the party in New York had selected as the leader of its delegation to the nominating Convention. But there are certain considerations in the management of public affairs which should be superior to any such claims, and which should have successfully asserted themselves in this instance.

## WISDOM IN MISSISSIPPI.

IN reading the late letter of Mr. ALBERT G. BROWN, of Mississippi, upon the political situation, it is impossible not to wonder at the enormous cost of every advance in society. Mr. BROWN is an intelligent man, and writes very calmly and reasonably. He was a conspicuous rebel, but he says, "First let us have order and a rigid enforcement of the laws to the full extent of meting out equal and exact justice without stint to all men of all opinions, races, and colors, and to this end let every good man resolve to aid the civil and military authorities by every fair means in his power." He advises that there be no factious opposition to General GRANT's Administration; that the fifteenth amendment be accepted; and that all good citizens of the State pledge themselves to each other, "disregarding color and former political opinions, to deal justly by all men, and to secure perfect equality of civil and political rights to every one before the law."

Were the indescribable horrors and woe of that long war, were Bull Run and Shiloh and Vicksburg and Fredericksburg and Wagner and the Wilderness and Andersonville and Salisbury and Belleisle, all necessary to teach an intelligent American that peace rests surely only upon the perfect equality of civil and political rights? The rebellion was "fairly beaten upon the battle-field," the question has been settled by "the last dread arbitrament;" but it will soon appear amazing and incredible that there was any question. Granting the right of revolution, must it not be reasonably and honorably exercised? Granting that LEE sincerely thought that he ought to obey the summons of his State, could he honorably obey it for an inhuman purpose? These men dragged the country into indescribable suffering and sorrow in order to perpetuate the injustice which Mr. BROWN now perceives should be banished from the laws.

We trust that his words will be as wisely heeded as they are spoken; and that the people of Mississippi will learn by experience that there can be no hostility between different parts of a country, each of which is honestly bent upon securing equality before the law.

## RESOLUTION.

IF you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you're any thing to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've any thing to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any thing to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day—
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it!

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE comments made by the English Press upon Mr. Sumner's speech must seem rather ludicrous to the Senator. At first they were dignified. Soon they became abusive, intimating that Mr. Sumner had little influence in this country, and that gentleman need not be surprised if he is at length represented as the leader of the Fenians, about to spring upon Canada, and after having accomplished the possession of that undesirable territory, as embarking for Ireland with an army of 500,000 Irishmen, followed by a score of *Alabamas* for the destruction of British commerce. The general impression created in this country by the perusal of these comments is that Mr. Sumner's blow struck home.

The Apache Indians, having been driven from Arizona, are making terrible inroads upon Sonora, devastating the whole frontier. Reports from Chihuahua and Nuevo Leon are equally alarming with regard to Indian depredations. It is estimated that these frontier States have already lost one-third of the population by incursions of savages, and unless the matter is attended to they will soon be depopulated.

Reports from Iowa say that the wheat crop never looked so well as now. The extent of the growing crop is very large, varying from 25 to 100 per cent. broader than last season, and many farmers will even harvest ten acres where they did one last year.

The first through train on the Pacific Railroad from Sacramento arrived at Omaha with 500 passengers on the 16th of May.

President Grant on the 17th signed General Sickles's commission as Minister to Spain.

Mr. Frederick Hawley in Cleveland, on May 15, made on a velocipede 50 miles in 3 hours, 14 minutes, and 39 seconds. This was nearly railroad speed.

Hester Vaughan, convicted of the murder of her illegitimate child, and sentenced to be hanged, has at last received full pardon from Governor Geary of Pennsylvania.

Gloucester, Massachusetts, has been afflicted with another serious fire. The Town Hall, which had just been completed at an expense of $100,000, was burned down on the morning of May 16.

General W. S. Harney left St. Louis May 15 for the Sioux Reservation on the Upper Missouri, where he will have under his care 12,000 Indians. A quantity of agricultural implements were shipped to the Reservation.

The Board of Overseers of Harvard College have confirmed the nomination of Professor Charles G. Elliot to the presidency of that institution.

The President has issued his proclamation in regard to the Eight-hour law. No reduction is in future to be made in the wages paid by the Government to laborers, workmen, and mechanics on account of the reduction of the hours of labor.

The 29th of May was observed quite generally in the South as an occasion for the decoration of Confederate graves.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 22d of May a great meeting was held at Belfast, Ireland, to protest against the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Two hundred thousand people are said to have been present.

Mr. Washburne, our Minister to France, was introduced to the Emperor May 23.

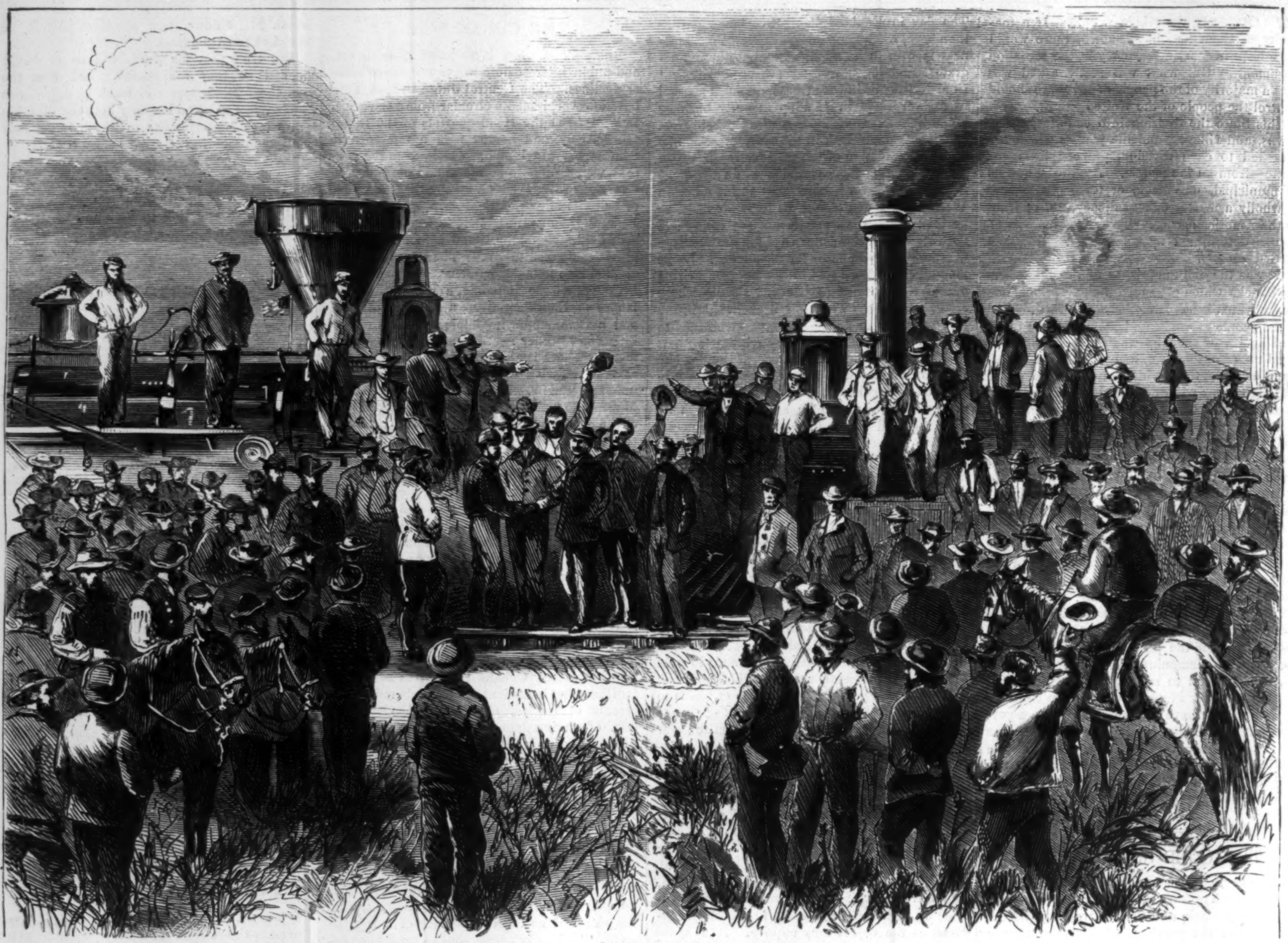
It is said that 2000 of the adherents of Queen Isabella have assembled at Peripignan, in France, preparatory to an invasion of Spain. The Cortes have decided upon a monarchical form of government, by a vote of 214 to 70.

On May 19 Senor Castellar made a great speech in the Spanish Cortes in favor of a republic.

The elections in France continue to be attended with more or less disorder. Since the 19th May 149 persons have been arrested in Paris for creating political disturbances, and of these only seventeen have been discharged. A popular demonstration is reported at Nimes, where the people sang the "Marseillaise." At Bourges the prison was forced by a crowd of political agitators, and one of their leaders, who had been arrested, was released.

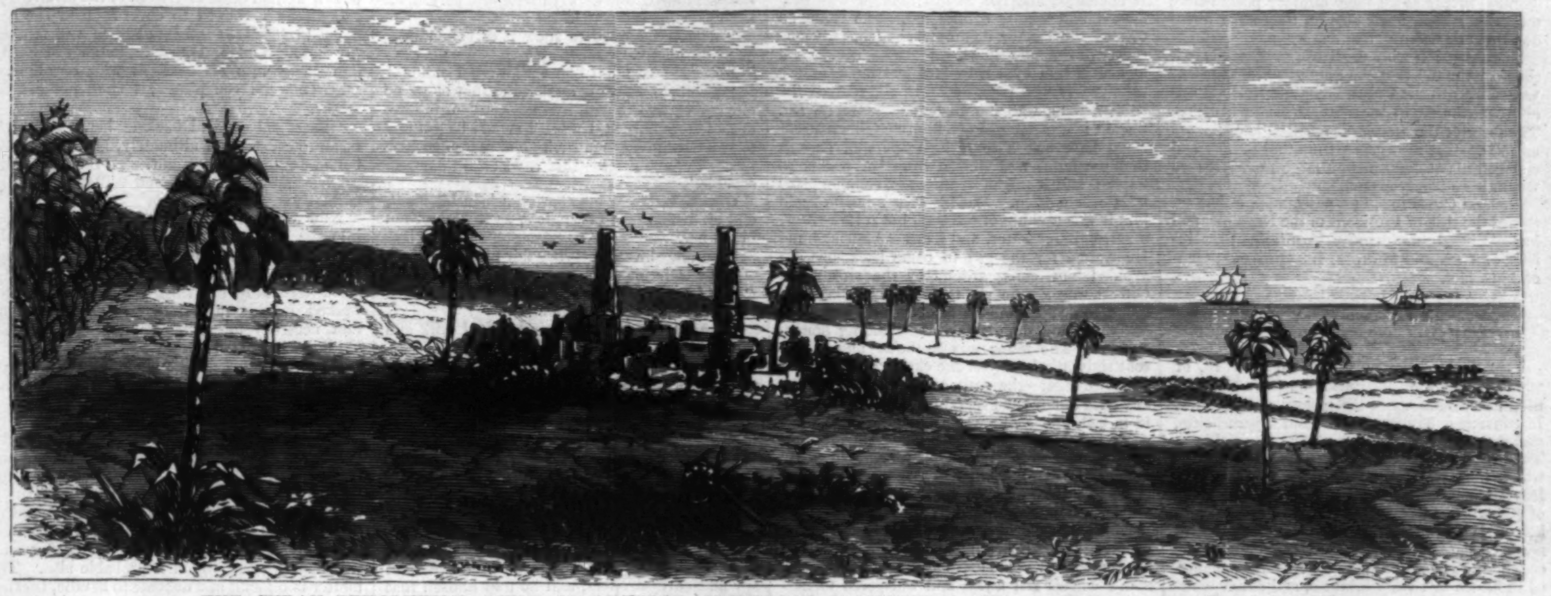
The Grand Lodge of Orangemen of Ireland have petitioned the Queen against the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The elections recently held in Bavaria have resulted generally in favor of a union of North and South Germany.



COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—MEETING OF LOCOMOTIVES OF THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC LINES: THE ENGINEERS SHAKE HANDS.
[Photographed by Savage & Ottinger, Salt Lake City.]

GREAT FIRE AT DAYTON, OHIO—DESTRUCTION OF TURNER'S OPERA-HOUSE.—Phot. by T. W. Cridland.—[See Page 358.]



THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—RUINS OF GENERAL CESPEDES'S PLANTATION.—[From a Sketch by our Cuban Artist.]

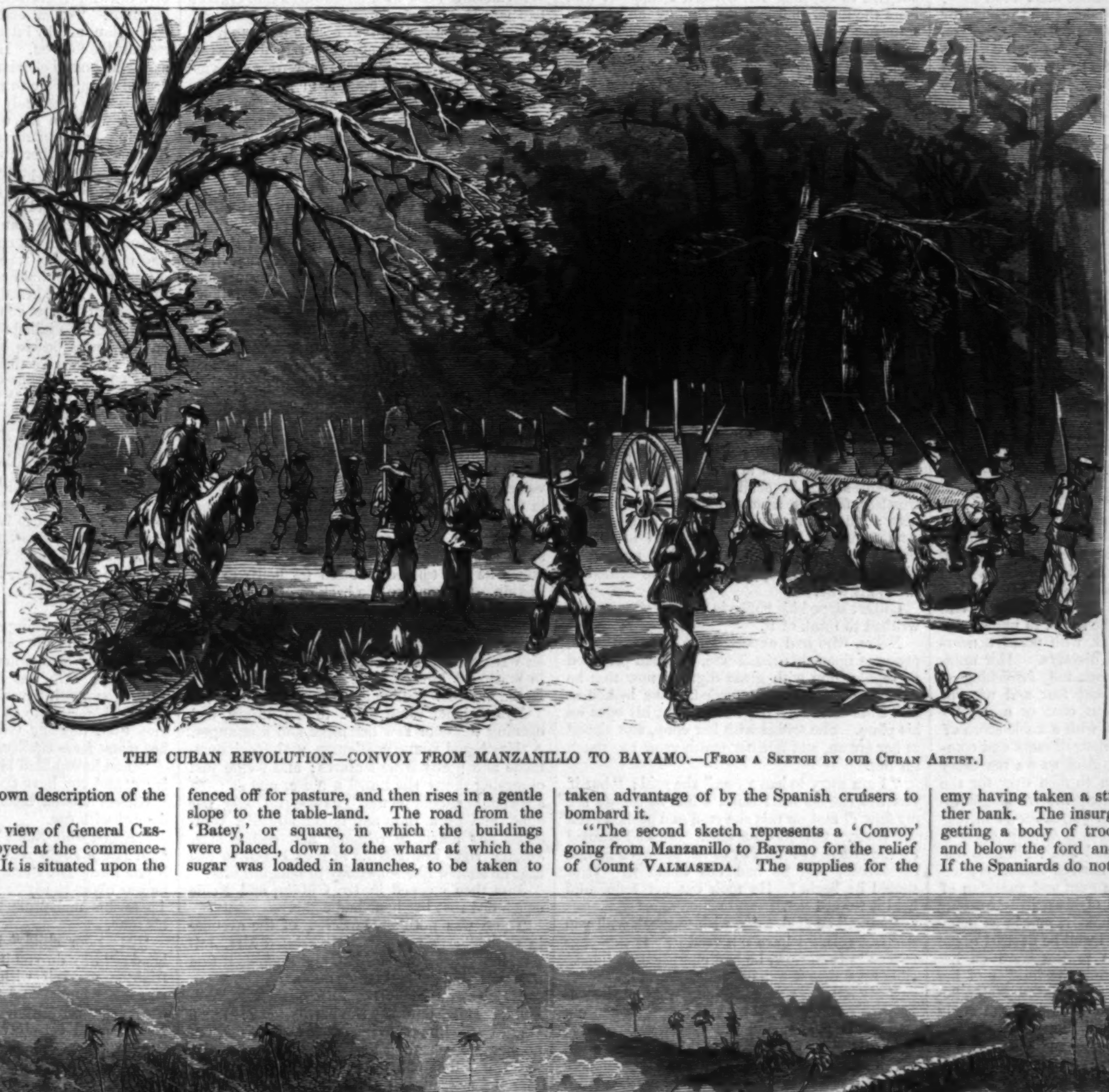
## CUBAN AFFAIRS.

The Cubans have had a great success in the field, the first of any importance in their revolution. The engagement was fought in the district of Puerto Principe. Generals Quesada and Castillo had gathered together over 4000 of their best troops at a point beyond Las Minas and intrenched themselves. This position was assaulted, May 3, by the Spanish army under General Lesca. The assault would have been successful had not the Marquis of Santa Lucia, who had been some miles off, hurried to Quesada's assistance. His forces, united to those of Lopez Peralta, charged the Spaniards on the left flank; this movement decided the action, the enemy flying and leaving his convoy in the hands of his pursuers. Thus seven hundred Catalan volunteers were beaten by a band of Cubans armed with *machetas*, or cane-knives, only. This success inspires the insurgents with fresh vigor. It is certain that at the battle of Las Minas the Spaniards suffered a loss of life far greater than the Cubans, and they were driven from the field.

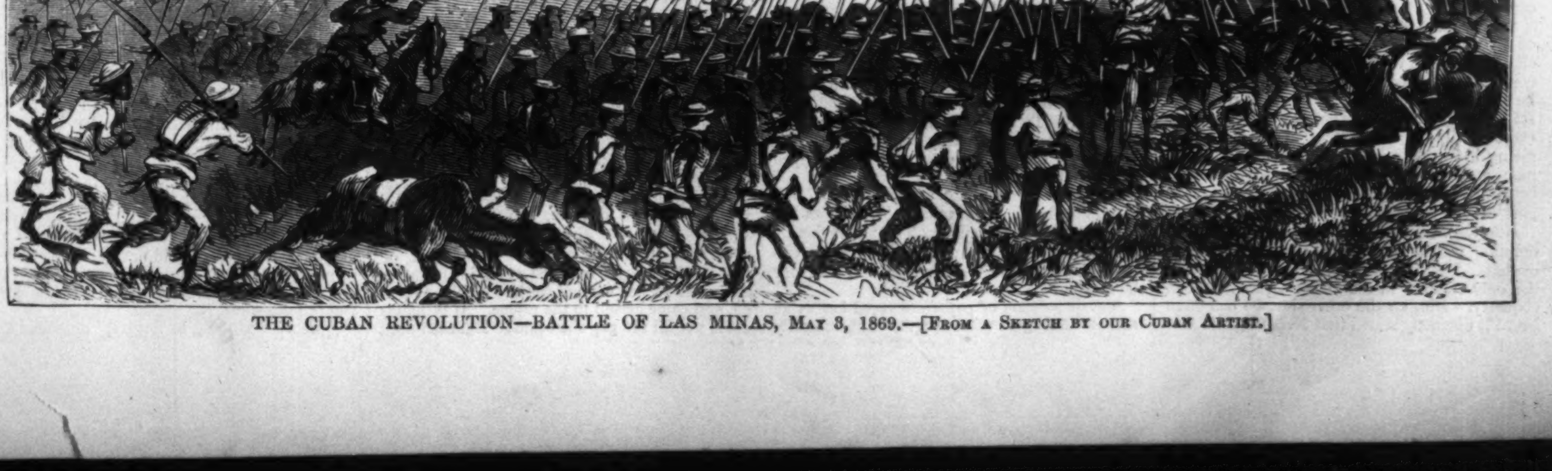
We illustrate the decisive point of this battle on this page. We also give two other illustrations contributed by our Cuban artist. We will let him give his own description of the sketches:

"Our first sketch is a view of General Cespedes's plantation, destroyed at the commencement of the revolution. It is situated upon the coast, a few miles above Manzanillo, and has a fine view seaward. There is a narrow belt of mangrove on the adjacent shore, from which the land extends some distance in a level plain, about half of which, not being good sugar land, was fenced off for pasture, and then rises in a gentle slope to the table-land. The road from the 'Batey,' or square, in which the buildings were placed, down to the wharf at which the sugar was loaded in launches, to be taken to Manzanillo, can still be traced. The alleys and cane pieces can scarcely be traced, and the blackened ruins of the building are almost overgrown. The whole scene is one of complete desolation. The proximity of the estate to the coast has been taken advantage of by the Spanish cruisers to bombard it.

"The second sketch represents a 'Convoy' going from Manzanillo to Bayamo for the relief of Count Valmaseda. The supplies for the interior towns have to be taken from the coast at immense trouble and expense, besides the risk of losing them by the way, as in that department the government holds no ground except that upon which the troops for the time being may be standing. By their own confession some of the towns have been four and even seven months without supplies or communication of any kind with their countrymen. The garrisons began to believe themselves abandoned and forgotten by government and friends. The expedition represented was composed of over a hundred of the clumsy carts of the country, drawn by two yoke of oxen each, and a large number of pack mules, and guarded by nearly two thousand men. The distance traversed was about 16 leagues, partly through dense forests, with an almost impenetrable underbrush of rank vegetation, offering every advantage to the insurgents for ambuscades, while the rest of the road lies over the arid savannas, without food or water for man or beast. Advantage was taken by the insurgents of all favorable positions to molest the troops, who were obliged to clear the road with artillery where they could not flank the opposing forces. At the ford of the Canto River they were four hours effecting a crossing, the enemy having taken a strong position on the further bank. The insurgents finally succeeded in getting a body of troops over the river above and below the ford and flanked the Spaniards. If the Spaniards do not succeed in getting a six



THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—CONVOY FROM MANZANILLO TO BAYAMO.—[From a Sketch by our Cuban Artist.]



THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—BATTLE OF LAS MINAS, May 3, 1869.—[From a Sketch by our Cuban Artist.]

months' supply at all their military posts before the rainy season fairly sets in, they must abandon them or endure great suffering."

In connection with the battle of Las Minas it should be noted that the Spanish colored troops passed over to the Cuban side, and thus materially contributed to the success of the patriots. The force of the Spaniards engaged is estimated at 3500. The insurgents, from first to last, had engaged about 7000 men, a large proportion of whom were poorly armed.

General CESPEDES, in a proclamation, has assumed the title of President of the Republic, and has appointed FRANCISCO V. AQUILERA his Minister of War, and MANUEL DE QUESADA, General-in-Chief.

## THE FIRE AT DAYTON, OHIO.

THE fire at Dayton, Ohio, on May 16, of which we give an illustration on page 356, was the most disastrous in the history of that town. It consumed TURNER'S beautiful Opera-house, and almost an entire square of pleasant dwellings. The loss of property is estimated at $250,000, on which there was insurance for $125,000—the Dayton insurance offices suffering to the extent of $110,700. The fire is supposed to have broken out in the property or green room of the Opera-house. The Fire Department was unequal to the occasion. The water in the cisterns was exhausted in fifteen or twenty minutes, and subsequently some malicious villain cut six sections of the hose, causing calamitous delay. There was no hope at any time for the Opera-house, but the burning of adjacent property might have been prevented with abundance of water and good management. It is considered doubtful whether the loss of the Opera-house can be repaired. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid in 1864, and the building was completed and opened by EDWIN FORREST in the play of "Virginius," on the night of January 1, 1866. Its total cost was $225,000. A citizen of Dayton was crushed and burned to death while endeavoring to carry out some valuable goods from a store near the Opera-house.

## TWO LIVES.

Two names upon a yew-tree rudely cut,
Two lovers whispering by the church-yard wall,
Two children playing round the solemn graves,
Give call for call.

Two lives that ran so near in other years,
Two hands close locked in desolate leave-taking,
Two lovers giving passionate kiss for kiss
In wild heart-breaking.

One life full up with crowded years of toiling,
One patient heart slow breaking day by day,
A world of hopes in one brief moment shattered
By life's decay.

Those names upon the yew-tree slowly fading,
Those dates long stolen by the cruel years,
That grave beneath the church-wall shadow glimmering
With heaven's tears.

## LOOSE REINS.

DR. GILBERT was a man of honor and sense, of wit and position. And he was in love with a girl of seventeen! A very pretty girl, and yet more willful than pretty! Now when a man of honor and sense loves such a girl the odds are terribly against him, and his wooing is likely to prove uphill work. For he is apt to undervalue himself, and sure to shrink with positive nervousness from sensational displays. Her uninstructed imagination is continually furbishing up a hero or a knight, without fear and without reproach, out of a well-cut coat or a cavalry mustache, and she is filled with a noble scorn of everyday people who eat their dinners and commute on railway trains. And so we see every season the desirable men thrown over for the scape-graces, and very likely the truest gentleman of your acquaintance rejected for a dancing-master.

But besides these normal and legitimate disadvantages, Dr. Gilbert labored under yet another. Mrs. Joignet, the aunt and guardian of his Hesperides, approved of his suit. Not only that, she approved of it noisily, and in as many ill-imagined ways as could well be devised urged it upon her niece. His praises were on her tongue, and his virtues were the burden of her song always. As was to be expected, Nellie detested Gilbert, never spoke to him, if she could help herself, and when she did, snubbed him. Many men would have abandoned such a suit in despair, but Gilbert never even considered such a course. He was very much in love, and he had a habit of success. He waited patiently, and at the time our story commences thought that he had found his opportunity. Mrs. Joignet was ill of a beneficent fever. She was not in danger, but she was bed-fast. As friend, physician, and neighbor, it was his duty now to visit at her house twice a day. And with the field clear, he reasoned, what might not be accomplished?

So, though always alert, he came up the walk on his third visit to Mrs. Joignet with a step so elastic that you would have said the man had come into a fortune. And as often happened, he was followed by the baker's man. But as he set his foot on the lower step, Nellie's little maid came hastily out of the door, changed color on seeing him, cast a quick glance at the baker's man, and slipped a letter that she was swinging between her fingers into one of her little apron pockets.

Now the envelope was dainty, and bore a monogram. Gilbert had a hawk's eye, and was sure of that. This fact pointed straight at Nellie as the only creature in the house capable of such coquetry. But, on the other side, he had often heard it distinctly stated that Nellie had no correspondents, and the maid's manner was half defiant and wholly contraband. She came on toward the Doctor demurely enough, only one corner of the note showing above her ruffles, and looked at him with a bashful and innocent eye till she was well past, and then she nudged the baker's man, who dawdled unaccountably, and though it was done so quickly that Gilbert never could have sworn to it, he knew well enough that the letter had slipped from her pocket to Sam's; and it might be the most commonplace note ever written. But his lover's instinct told him it was nothing of the sort, but a love-letter, a surreptitious letter, and a direct blow at him! He waited for the girl to come back, but she avoided him, going around by the shrubbery. Gilbert was a man not to be easily balked and quick to decide, and he held council with himself then and there under the budding honeysuckles. The letter was Nellie's; and it was sent slyly, not by any of the channels that might be called legal—the gardener, the coachman, or any tried and trusted servant. Mrs. Joignet was ill in bed, and Nellie was a romantic child, educated in seclusion, whose first independent move was about sure to prove a mistake. He would have that letter! Sam was driving away as he came to this conclusion, but running after him, Gilbert ordered him to stop.

All this happened on a pleasant May morning, while Nellie was twittering about in her room overhead, not ready yet to leave her nest. She heard Sam's wheels roll away, and whispered to herself with heightening color, "He has got my letter." Then she tried one bow and another against her white frills, and tucked a rose in among her braids. Dr. Gilbert would be at breakfast, but that was no reason why one should look like a fright. And then she came fluttering down, her little slippers glancing in and out, on purpose to bewilder Dr. Gilbert, I suppose, who from the lower hall saw her coming, and with a stately reverence, passed into the breakfast-room. She had always the advantage! Even the dislike of him that stirred her was cool, while he could never be master of himself in her presence. Even with her letter in his pocket he must stop and catch his breath and scoff at his own weakness before he could follow her.

There are dining-rooms that look as if dining were thrust upon them, and others of which dinner or any other good meal seems only the natural consequence. Of this last was Mrs. Joignet's dining-room. It looked over a lawn, it caught glimpses of a flower-garden, it had a wide view of dancing water, it was glorious with the morning sun; and on this day, as balmy as June, it was full of the fragrance of apple-blossoms, and visited by bees who came droning in through the open glass doors, as though it were midsummer. How full of delirious sweetness might the time have been to Gilbert! Almost for the first time he was alone with the woman he loved, and she sat as he hoped to see her one day sit at his own table. But when his heart swelled at the thought there laid upon it, like a stone, that letter addressed to Reed Williams—a callow student, a new arrival, an utter stranger to Nellie's friends, shallow-eyed, thin-legged, trustless, faithless, a puppy! That was how Gilbert, a judge of human nature, had classed him. And with this puppy corresponded in secret, through the baker's boy, that pink and white piece of innocence opposite whom he wished to make his wife.

Gilbert sipped his coffee in sombre silence, and writhed to think of it.

Nellie, who had expected that Gilbert would presume upon this tête-à-tête, and had prepared to repulse him with great dignity, now that he did not presume was offended. She looked at him from time to time, but he kept his eyes on his plate. She trifled with her chop, and sipped at her cream, and felt her wrath grow too much for her.

"I am sorry to leave you," she said; "but if you will excuse me I think I had better go see my aunt;" and on this she rose and pushed back her chair. Gilbert rose also. He had studied for the last hour for a way to tell her what he had discovered, and he had not found it. How should he begin? He took out her letter and held it toward her.

"Stop," he said. "I wish to speak with you—about this. I have not read it. Is this your letter?" Somehow, he had cherished an impossible hope that it was not hers, after all.

"My letter!" echoed Nellie. At first she was positively terrified. She had never broken out of bounds before, and she very nearly quailed under Gilbert's eye. But to this instinctive terror succeeded instantly bitter disappointment and more bitter anger. "He had not got her letter after all, and thanks to Dr. Gilbert." She drew herself up and eyed him with a kindling glance.

"Yes, it is my letter! What is it doing in your hands?"

"Just what a dagger which you aimed at your own breast would be doing there," answered Gilbert, huskily, feeling that now only had he got the full force of the blow.

"A fine phrase!" cried Nellie, turning away with a little scornful laugh. "And it means, I suppose, that I am to thank you for playing spy and eaves-dropper. Well, I do thank you. It was gallantly done, and like a gentleman!"

Gilbert started, and turned pale, but he made no answer. To the woman who called him spy he could offer no other reply than silence. Nellie went on toward the door, and then stopped suddenly and came back.

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked, in a hard, angry voice. "Had you not better show it to my aunt? The peroration of her sermons must always be Dr. Gilbert's virtues, but she will have a new text. It will vary the monotony at least."

A slight crackle of paper answered her as he held it burning at arm's-length. Involuntarily she exclaimed; and then, furious with herself, bit her lips while she watched it burn.

"I never intended to show it to your aunt," he said, quietly.

Nellie looked up at him with a cruel smile.

"Thank you. It is an ill wind that blows no one good; and though it is not pleasant to have one's letters burned, I think I should be grateful to you—for giving me such good reason to hate you. Before—I felt—that it was a little unreasonable."

Gilbert gathered the charred ash in his hand, and let it float out of window, as if he had not heard her.

"So far," he said, "your fair name is safe."

"My fair name!" she repeated, coloring. "But I can write more."

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders.

"And I give you my word that I will, and that I will send them if I can."

"And I give you my word," he rejoined, as cool as she was vehement, "that I shall try to prevent you."

"Do!" flashed Nellie; "and where I would have sent one I will send a dozen."

Gilbert took up his hat.

"That must be as you choose, Nellie; and that you may have time to begin, good-morning."

Then he went away with some small show of victory, because he had kept his temper, but feeling that a defeat would have been much more desirable. The woman he loved had called him spy and eaves-dropper, and he told himself that he had brought it about by his brutal blundering. No sooner did Fate show an intention of befriending him than he also must stir in the matter, and where he was at least tolerated get himself detested. In short, Dr. Gilbert arrived at the conclusion that he was a donkey and an idiot, and deserved what he got.

Meantime, what with the impetus that Gilbert had lent it, and what from natural progression, Nellie's little flirtation had blossomed into a romance. It was generally understood between these two young persons that they were the victims of a Causeless Tyranny, in large capitals, and felt for each other an Undying Affection, in the same type. As victims they corresponded through the butcher and the baker, though there was no reason why they should not have used the post-office. All through that beneficent fever, from which Gilbert had hoped so much, they met; in the village store, on the bridge, in the orchard, at last, grown bolder, in the library itself. All the village was in the secret, though our young ostriches were convinced that they were managing their affairs with consummate prudence. All the village, except Mrs. Joignet I mean, for though she was now convalescent, she had no hint of it. No one would have ventured to tell her except Gilbert; and for certain reasons, while watching them closely, he had preferred to keep his discoveries to himself.

But Dr. Gilbert's grounds adjoined those of Mrs. Joignet's. From his study, or his piazza, one twilight after another, he had watched the lovers walking in the orchard, or paced his own walks near enough to catch the murmur of their voices in the library; and one evening, walking in this way in bitterness of spirit, an idea came to him. I say came to him because I do not believe that we manufacture ideas, and it was as if some one had whispered to him the suggestion which he had tortured himself for hours to find in vain. He went to the back of Mrs. Joignet's house where he saw one of the maids.

"Tell Mrs. Joignet," he said, "that Dr. Gilbert would like to see her in the library." Then he went around the house, and instead of going in stationed himself close to the window where Nellie and Mr. Williams were sitting.

Mrs. Joignet came down to the library, and opening the door saw her niece and a stranger. A thin-legged young gentleman, with black mustache and pretty little features; and Nellie just observing that "she heard a noise, and suppose somebody should come," looked up, saw her aunt, and grew limp and faint; and Mr. Williams, just about to reassure her, seeing Mrs. Joignet rigid and glaring at him, began to feel that he should like somebody to reassure him.

Just then stepped in Dr. Gilbert, and Nellie concluded that her hour had come.

There was nothing, however, of the avenger in Dr. Gilbert's manner. He saluted Mrs. Joignet in the everyday fashion, and then, as if first observing the general embarrassment,

"Has Miss Nellie not introduced Mr. Williams? But I dare say she hardly has his name yet. I sent him on to introduce himself and announce me, meaning to follow almost directly, but I was detained on the way. Permit me! Mrs. Joignet, Mr. Reed Williams, son of my old friend Dr. Williams of Providence."

Nellie, who had shut her eyes tight when Gilbert commenced, opened them wide. Was the man crazy, or was she? She looked at Williams, a pitiable spectacle, as he salaamed before Mrs. Joignet. He was certainly the son of Gilbert's old tutor, and had a speaking acquaintance with the Doctor; but he had avoided him, as the prince naturally avoids the greedy, relentless ogre, who is trying to rob him of his princess. And he still believed that Gilbert was an ogre. It was impossible that he intended in honesty and kindness to rescue him from the consequences of his own folly. There was some trap hidden, and he was listening for the snap while he was trying to smile on Mrs. Joignet. He had neither the pluck to disavow Gilbert nor the wit to glide easily into the opening offered him. He sat there gasping, and red, and at all possible angles, before Gilbert, smiling at his ease, and I dare say not sorry to show the girl who had thrown him over for a neat little nose and a trim coat, of how much use was a nose and a coat in an emergency that needed wit and spirit. Nellie reddened, and came herself to the rescue. But if Williams could not fill the gap she could! But then what does a woman think afterward of the lover whose retreat she is obliged to cover? And she was obliged besides to confess to herself a certain angry admiration for Gilbert, though she looked dauntlessly into his eyes, as who should say, "Strike when you please; I shall not ask for mercy."

Gilbert only smiled back at her. He might mean to crush them ultimately, but no thunderbolts were to fall that night. To the last he was jesting and genial, and Reed Williams and Dr. Gilbert went away together.

Now when these two gentlemen stepped out into the night together, came, I dare say, the most difficult moment of all for the unhappy Williams, who felt that he must say something, more especially as Gilbert was silent. They walked in this manner a street or two, and that necessity for saying something increased. Williams began:

"Dr. Gilbert, I don't understand the part you are playing; but I am very much obliged to you. I was in a deuce of a scrape."

Gilbert took him up promptly.

"Mr. Williams, if you do not understand the part I am playing, you should do so. You are interested in Miss Joignet. That is of very little consequence to me. But Miss Joignet is interested in you; that is of very great consequence to me. And your interest in her is clandestine, because I dare say she has told you that her aunt will oppose you; which is probable also. The matter is difficult and delicate to handle, because Miss Joignet is willful and ignorant, and with the best possible intentions her aunt is the last person to whose discretion it can be confided. I have taken it in my own hands. Miss Joignet will see you. If prevented she would undoubtedly elope with you. She shall see you; but as her well-wisher, I choose that it shall be in her own drawing-room and under the protection of her aunt. To that end I brought about your introduction, and by introducing you made myself responsible for you. Having done so I hold you, as far as your behavior to Miss Joignet is concerned, responsible to me. Good-night, Sir."

This was absolutely all: and then each gentleman went on his way. But Nellie's active imagination pictured to her a very different dénouement. On her knees, before her open window, craning her pretty little head out into the darkness, she listened breathlessly for sounds of a scuffle or a pistol shot. Gilbert, she told herself, was a terrible man; and she had been blind indeed when she thought him conquered. He had not taken his revenge when it offered itself. Might it not be that he waited for a more terrible revenge? If she heard any thing she should rush out. Aunt Joignet could not keep her. If Williams should be killed for her sake, she would fall on her knees beside him, and kiss him, if the whole village were there; something like Catherine Glover, you know, when she rushed to the house of Hal of the Wynd; and as she pictured the tremendous scene to herself she found herself trembling very much, and holding hard by the window-sill. But when half an hour passed and she had heard nothing more alarming than the croak of an occasional frog, she began, if the truth must be told, to find herself very sleepy, and decided to go to bed. And though she expected to be restless and anxious, her seventeen years were too much for her, and she slept, not the sleep of the just, for saints often enjoy nothing better than "cat-naps," but the sleep of a good digestion.

But in the morning she was prepared again to do herself and the occasion justice. Her eyes were hardly open when she asked herself, spasmodically, "Oh, has he killed Reed?" and, by dint of supposing various horrible possibilities, worked herself into such a fine state of nervousness that, meeting Gilbert in the hall, she felt her worst fears confirmed by his early presence.

"You have killed him," she exclaimed, faintly; "and you have come to tell me of it."

Gilbert looked astonished, and then his eyes danced with fun.

"Killed who, Nellie? I am here because your aunt had a slight relapse and sent for me; and if you mean Mr. Reed, I would as soon harm"—he was about to say Snap; but feeling that would jar on his melodramatic little listener, changed his tone.

"My poor child," he said, taking her cold hand; "why do you imagine terrible things and frighten yourself with hobgoblins? Why will you never understand me? It is true," and his eyes grew dark with feeling: "I have loved you, Nellie, and I certainly think I could have made you happy. Some men love a woman for her bloom, and some think it desirable to take a wife, and take one. Not many women are loved as I loved you, wholly, truly, tenderly—for yourself."

His voice trembled, and he waited; then went on more calmly:

"But you have made your choice. No matter what I think of it, it is your choice. And now, what can one do for the dearest friend who is dead, Nellie? Watch over those he loved? That is what I have undertaken to do. To guard the object of my dead love. You are all unconscious of the risks you run; but a man knows that honorable men do not visit the women they love by stealth. So I have opened the way for your friend, and will do what I can for you both with your aunt. And now that I have laid away my presumptuous hopes, can we not be friends?"

He held out his hand. Nellie hesitated.

"First, I should like to say something to you," she said, blushing deeper at every word. "When I was so angry the other day, I called you spy and eaves-dropper. I did not think you were—in my heart—and I was sorry afterward. And now—I think you are noble, and—I should like you to forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," answered Gil

bert, but he said it a little coldly; and though he pressed her hand, it was in a lukewarm fashion; and then he went away and left Nellie with a sense of mortification and discomfiture strong upon her. Perhaps she had felt hitherto that she had inherited Gilbert's love, and was sure of it. And now he talked of his "dead love;" and it was not she who dismissed him, but he who relinquished her to a rival he disdained; and just as she had commenced to admire him! She had desired a hero, and a romance, and here was a hero who was going to do "what he could for her;" and a man whom he had cowed and led by the nose the night before. I am afraid that Nellie was capricious.

Still Nellie was proud also, and when the prince came, with the full approval of every body, she did her best to play her part; but the effort fretted her. The spirit and sparkle of the affair was gone, and it was flat, and wearied her. It was the mutual fright, the quiver, lest they should be discovered, that made those meetings so delicious. Now that there were no interjections and listenings and bird twitterings to fill up the sentences, Mr. Williams had little enough to say. In short, the stupidity, if I must write the word, of her heart's treasure, drove Nellie beside herself; and then she burst out on him sharply, and instantly repented and tried to be patient, and then was sharp again, till Mr. Williams began to think her temper at least uncertain. He grew sulky, retorted, they quarreled, and parted; and Nellie had never been half so happy to see him come as when he left her forever.

But the nervous worry of it all had been great; and between it and a cold Nellie fell ill. She was not violently ill, and yet she did not rally. Gilbert was her physician, necessarily, but though they had promised friendship, there was something very like coolness between the two; for, seeing that it was mental trouble that kept her wan and weak, he concluded, with some secret anger, that she pined after Mr. Williams for all. While the truth was, she had heard that Gilbert visited Betty Payson—the worst temper and the finest complexion in the county! So she fretted for Gilbert's coming, and when he came hardly spoke to him. His first and last thought was of her; yet he treated her with distance.

But coming there one day he found that she had been crying. He was very conscious that he had engineered the catastrophe that had befallen her love affair, and the traces of tears on her poor pale cheeks smote him to the heart. If she was wearying for that puppy she should have the puppy back again, cost him what it might, he said to himself, and he taxed her with crying. "But no; she had not been crying. There was nothing the matter;" and she began to chatter and laugh. Gilbert was not to be evaded.

"Nellie," he said, seriously, "why will you not trust in me? You are miserable, and medicine can not help you. Tell me your trouble. Is it—" The question was not easy for him to ask, but he persevered bravely. "Is it—about that man?"

Nellie looked up at him with a quick, startled glance, and there are looks that speak more than words. In the unconscious reproach of hers Gilbert read what he might have known long before, and his own look lighted. He came to her and took her hands, and she did not try to release them, though her cheeks glowed with a deep blush.

"My darling," murmured Gilbert, "I told you once my love was dead. That was false. Will you have it now, dear? I never loved you so well."

Nellie made no audible answer; but entering a moment later, Mrs. Joignet saw a wonderful tableau—Dr. Gilbert with his arm around Nellie, and her head nestling confidingly on his shoulder!

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Mysterious and extraordinary events are becoming so common nowadays that we almost cease to wonder at any thing. Still belief is sometimes scarcely possible. A singular case is reported in the English journals, which is exciting much attention. There is a young girl twelve years of age living in Carmarthenshire, Wales, who has taken no food since October 10, 1867; nor has she swallowed water or any other fluid since December of the same year. Such, at least, are the statements made concerning her. She was a healthy child until February, 1866, when she had an attack of scarlatina; since then she has been confined to her bed. For a few weeks she took some light food, but her desire for it gradually declined. Occasionally a little water is applied to her lips; but often many days pass without this being done. During her illness she lost her hair, but it has since grown long. She is not emaciated, and looks healthy, though delicate. She sleeps well at night, but does not sleep during the day; is cheerful in disposition; but is subject to occasional attacks of unconsciousness.

A Paris paper has a new column headed "Broken English." Londoners who get smashed up by railroad collisions, or who financially come to grief, are placed in that column.

Reporters and gossips disagree. Some say velocipedomania is spreading; others declare the fever has had its run. On the one hand, a quantity of discarded bicycles have been sold for a song, from an auction-room in Nassau Street; on the other hand, a party of Prince Napoleon's aids-de-camp have made a trip from Nice to Villafranca on water velocipedes. So each one may draw his own inferences. The last-mentioned machines, by-the-way, consist of two miniature parallel canoes, which support a sort of chair; the paddle-wheel, placed between the canoes, is propelled by the feet only, and is covered like the paddle-wheel of a steamer, to protect the driver from the water it throws up.

Several new inventions in the velocipede line are announced; the "rocking-chair" velocipede, a three-wheeled vehicle, whose name is indicative of the requisite propelling motion; a one-wheeled affair, propelled by five men, who occupy comfortable seats on the automatic horse; a four-wheeled machine, which will carry a lady and her carpet-bag, in addition to the driver; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The new Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate is distressed—so "they say." His feelings are "kept on edge;" and this is the reason thereof: Every time he discharges an official women come to his office and cry. Next day they come back and cry again. They cry in relays, taking turns for each other!

In "The Malay Archipelago," recently published by Harper & Brothers, the author describes a novel fruit, called the Durion. It is about the size of a cocoanut, green in color, and the thick rind covered with sharp spines. On being cut open, five cells are disclosed, filled with a cream-colored pulp, the flavor of which is indescribable. A rich butter-like custard highly flavored with almonds gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavor that call to mind cream-cheese, onion-sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor juicy, yet one feels the want of none of these qualities, for it is perfect as it is. It produces no nausea or other bad effect, and the more you eat of it the less you are inclined to stop. When unripe the durion is an excellent vegetable. It is preserved in large quantities, salted, but then it acquires an odor disgusting to Europeans, although the Dyaks appreciate it as a relish with their rice.

Very sad was the death of Mrs. Stillman, wife of the United States Consul at Crete. She has been untiring in her devotion to the cause of suffering Crete during the recent troubles in that island, and she and her husband were regarded with the deepest affection by the Cretan families. But a strange, melancholy delusion overspread her mind, and one morning in April she was found in a retired part of her house, wrapped in a shawl, tears upon her cheeks, her flesh yet warm, and the fatal cup at her side, whose contents had caused her instantaneous death. A few lines written by her expressed bitter self-reproach; she felt she was useless, an injury to her friends, and had better die. A disordered mind caused a tragic ending to a life which had been full of blessing to others. The funeral services, conducted by Dr. Jonas King, were most impressive; and the young wife and mother was borne to her last resting-place on the banks of the Ilyssus, followed by numerous mourners—and none more truly so than the crowds of Cretan refugees.

Last week a convention of the working-women of Boston and vicinity met in the vestry-room of Tremont Temple, under the auspices of "The Working People's Industrial Order." Many painful facts were disclosed in regard to the difficulties women experience in obtaining employment, and the low wages they receive in many cases. One chief object of the convention was to use all lawful means to obtain for laborers homesteads and homes of their own. It was resolved that the name of the "Industrial Order" be changed to "The World's Land, Labor, and Liberty League."

Don't sleep with your mouth open! A book has just been published to prove that this habit is a fruitful cause of disease, idiocy, and death. The author asserts that an open mouth during sleep lets in an enemy that chills the lungs, racks the brain, paralyzes the stomach, and heralds the approach of headache, toothache, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and the gout!

The Neapolitans were rather shocked a few weeks ago to find their streets stained with red, and their garments spotted with sanguinary looking drops. A shower of red dust specks had been drawn up by the wind from African deserts, and borne with it across the Mediterranean. This is not an unprecedented phenemenon. A shower of insects fell at Araches, in Savoy, last January, which, upon examination, proved to be of a species peculiar to the forests of Central France; and a few years back Turin was visited by millions of larvæ of a fly found nowhere but in the island of Sardinia.

When the new hospital is completed which is now being erected on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street by the "New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled," two hundred crippled children will be received as in-door patients, medically treated, educated, and provided with all essential comforts free of charge, although many will require for their treatment expensive surgical appliances. These, it is hoped, however, will restore them to self-sustaining ability in the future, and save them from a life of dependence upon public charities. There will also be dispensed to the indigent afflicted adults all the requisite surgical appliances for enabling them to labor for the support of themselves and their families.

The *Sun* tells a very good story of Judge Francis, editor of the Troy *Times*. As he was sauntering down Broadway one afternoon he was suddenly accosted by a black-haired gentleman, who grasped him warmly by the hand and said: "General, I do assure you, Sir, before God, that this is one of the happiest moments of my life. My heart is filled with gratitude to God that I am permitted to thus grasp you by the hand. God bless you, Sir! God bless you a thousand times!"

Judge Francis was slightly staggered at this salutation; but before he could express his thanks the fiery-eyed Southerner continued:

"You can not conceive, Sir, the warmth of my feelings toward you. I do assure you that, were we not in the city of New York, and if I dared do it, I would tear the hat from my head, and give three rousing cheers for old General Lee—the grand old 'Uncle Robert' of the Army of Virginia. Yes, General; yes, Sir, I would—before God, I would!"

So saying the enthusiastic Confederate wound his arms about Judge Francis, and kissed him twice on the right cheek. He then warmly pressed the Judge's hand, and swept up Broadway with tears in his eyes.

The Judge stood like one bewildered for some moments; then, turning to a friend, he said: "Well, I declare this beats all. I have frequently been mistaken for Edwin M. Stanton, but never before for General Robert E. Lee."

Francis II., ex-King of Naples, has sent Prince Louis de Bourbon an angry protest against his marriage, accompanied by a threat of excommunication from the family of monarchs who bear the name of Bourbon. It will be remembered that Prince Louis came to this country not many weeks ago for the purpose of consummating his marriage with Miss De Hamel, and that after some difficulties the young couple were pronounced man and wife. Prince Louis is said to be very well able to manage his own affairs, and is not likely to be disturbed by the protest.

It is related of Liszt that he was an inveterate smoker, as well as exceedingly wanting in punctuality in meeting his engagements. He often ordered a cup of tea and smoked a cigar after the audience, who were waiting for him, had become impatient. One day Liszt was to play at a court concert in Vienna. He went to the imperial palace and was told the performances would commence at once. He took a cigar and lighted it, but was informed that no one was ever permitted to smoke in the imperial apartments. "Then," said Liszt, "I shall go down to the court-yard and smoke my cigar there." No sooner, however, had he heard that this was forbidden also than he went down to his carriage and took a drive through the streets of the city. In the carriage he smoked three cigars and forgot all about the concert. Upon reaching his hotel he was informed by his excited footman that the whole court had been waiting for him for ever so long.

Young ladies in Minnesota seem to have entered into a new business. A St. Paul paper says that the other day two young ladies from the country brought to market thirty thousand frogs which they had slaughtered the previous day! They sold them for fifteen cents a dozen.

It is reported that the village of "You Bet," in California, has been destroyed by fire. It is to be hoped that when the inhabitants locate themselves again they will have the good sense to choose a more respectable name for their abiding-place.

Missionaries in China conduct religious services under difficulties of a peculiar and oftentimes a ludicrous nature. Not only do the people come late to meetings, go out during services, and fall asleep under the most impressive discourses, but they interrupt the exercises in a singularly free way to ask any advice or directions. Not long ago a man came running into a religious meeting with a wild expression on his countenance, and asked the minister what could be done for a man who had been frightened to death. The interrupted preacher gave him the necessary directions, and proceeded with his remarks. Before the sermon closed the military mandarin of the province happened to pass along the street in front of the chapel, and the congregation tumbled pell-mell into the street.

Mr. Stewart's new model hotel for working-women is to contain a library and reading-room, and a large parlor for social uses. The food furnished in the restaurant will be at the actual cost, and it is estimated that an inmate may live abundantly well—washing, room rent, and food included—for about two dollars a week. The enterprise, if successful, will be followed by the building of a similar dwelling for young men.

The busy city of Lynn made during the year 1868 about nine million pairs of shoes. The prosperity of the shoe business is the life of Lynn; and in a recent number of the Lynn *Reporter* a manufacturer desires liberty to lower his prices! He says that if the manufacturers are allowed to reduce the wholesale cost of their shoes twenty-five per cent. the fortunes of their citizens will be secured, and the working people of the country will save out of their hard earnings from six to eight millions of dollars a year. This seems an extravagant statement; but the writer goes on to state that if the enormous taxes on lasting and rubber goring were reduced, manufacturers would be able to put good shoes into the market at a lower price.

## CAN NOT.

I.

You can not do it. Take the Turner there,
  The costliest treasure of your costly walls,
Where, through the pearly veil of mountain-mist
  The sheeny radiance of the rainbow falls.
Carry it to yon "artist" there, who'll force
  The very sun his cunning work to do,
And bid him, for your pleasure and ease,
  Again the lovely wonder to renew.

II.

Nay, for he can not do it. What avails
  That every touch in rendered order stands?
That every line of graceful form is there,
  Vivid and fresh, as from the master's hands?
The glow and glory of it all is gone,
  The tender lustre of the tints is fled;
Dumb and dismayed we look, as those who gaze
  On the pale features of their darling, dead.

III.

And so we can not do it. What avails
  The loving tone to wooing phrases lent,
The long familiar clasping of the hands,
  The gracious head in sweet old fashion bent?
The voice rings jarred and strained, the brilliant smile
  May light the lips, but never reach the eyes;
Strike the old chords as deftly as you will,
  In hollow dissonance the echo dies.

IV.

Ah, leave the picture hanging in its niche,
  Leave the dead passion in its nameless grave,
Though o'er the canvas Time's slow ruin creep,
  Though on the untended sod the hemlocks wave.
Better forgetfulness than empty mimes,
  Attempts that nothing but decay can prove—
The ghastly mimicry of things that were,
  The cold blank photograph, the ghost of love.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Way to Obtain a Cheap Bath—Stand in a shower of rain.

About twelve o'clock one night recently a solitary individual stood upon the banks of the Missouri River, opposite Leavenworth, in the outskirts of that romantic village, the late terminus of the Missouri Valley Railroad, commonly called "Slabtown." Frantically did he shout till the owner of a small skiff was aroused from his slumbers, and scenting a big fare, dressed himself, manned his skiff, and rowed over to the Missouri shore, where the following conversation took place:

Boatman. "What do you want?"
Man on Shore. "Want to get across."
Boatman. "What for?"
Man. "Want to go to Kansas City."
Boatman. "Who are you?"
Man. "Railroad contractor."
Boatman. "What's your name?"
Man. "John Broder."
Boatman. "Why, you are the man who laid the track on the extension of the Missouri Valley Railroad to Kansas City."
Man. "Yes."
Boatman. "Well, there is an engine just firing up to go down. Why don't you go on that?"
Man. "No, Sir! I laid that track; and I'm d—d if I am going to be the first man to ride over it."
He was ferried over.

Psychological.—The state of mind that man is in who risks largely in a lottery, and does not draw a prize, may be described as Blank Despair.

### LEGAL WIT.

Q. How can a man be legally delivered from his debt without paying it?—A. By marrying his creditor.

Q. In what class of personalty by the common usage of society does mere possession without right draw to it the right of property?—A. Umbrellas, over-coats, and law-books.

Q. Why is repeated dunning a good defense in an action of debt?—A. By reason of the rule of law "that a man shall not be twice vexed for one and the same cause."

Q. Why may lawyers always be indicted?—A. For the reason they are properly to be classed as respects their clients' purses with highwaymen, whose motto is, "Stand and deliver."

Q. Why is the doctrine of Estoppel the worst foe to the profession?—A. Because it puts an end to litigation.

Q. Why is there substantial reason to believe that those who intend to make criminal law a specialty will lead mournful lives?—A. Because from the t(T)ombs will be heard their doleful sounds.

A very busy old maid who always knew every body else's business better than her own, although she by no means neglected that, was at last reduced to a dying condition. At this stage she articulated to her sister, who was standing at the window, "Run! run!"—here a knock was heard; the maiden lady was familiar with every sound in the neighborhood—"see who's at number thirty." "A woman selling pies," replied her sister. "Pies! pies!" gasped the expiring virgin; "what do they want with pies?—they had pies there yesterday." With this the maiden drew her last breath.

Paris has in her midst a generous miser, about whom the *Figaro* relates the following anecdote: He met the other day a little street-harper, who begged him to give him something. "Give me a few sous, kind Sir!" "I have no change." The little harper repeated his request. "Let me see, could I not give you something?" After a moment's reflection his face brightened, and he exclaimed: "Nobody shall say that I allowed a poor boy to pass by without giving him something." So saying he offered the boy a pinch of snuff.

### ANSWERS TO A LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

How long have you known John Jones?—Since two years after I was born.

What are his general habits?—In winter, red flannel and blue beaver; in summer, a straw hat canted to one side, and nankeen trowsers, very loose in the legs.

Do you know whether he has ever been afflicted with gout, asthma, consumption, spitting of blood, or any other disorder to shorten life?—No; but he can have them if it is desired by the company.

Has he ever been afflicted with fits or rupture?—Never had a fit in his life, his tailor being very unsuccessful, but once had a rupture with his landlady.

Has he ever had fever and ague?—Had a fever last summer when the thermometer was at ninety.

Do you call his lungs sound?—No, I call them inflated air tubes.

How old is he?—Old enough to know more than he does.

Does he smoke or chew?—He smokes when he chooses.

Is he of steady habits?—Yes, he is agent for Fairbanks's scales and balances.

What is his height?—That depends upon the thickness of his boots.

Has he children?—Yes, two nephews.

Epitaph on Professor Walker, who wrote a treatise on English Particles:

"Here lies Walker's Particles."

On Dr. Fuller:

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

On a dustman:

"Cease to lament his change, ye just,
He's only gone from dust to dust."

The following is a quaint mixture of specific information and sentiment:

"Here lie two babes as dead as nits,
Who died of agonizing fits;
They were too good to live with we,
So God took them to live with He."

### A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

Is there a lady in the land
  That boasts her rank and a' that?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
  And little care for a' that;
For Nature's charm shall bear the palm—
  A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with gems she deck,
  With folly's gear and a' that,
And gayly ride in pomp and pride:
  We can dispense with a' that.
An honest heart acts no such part—
  A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn
  A lowly lass and a' that;
A pretty face has far more grace
  Than haughty looks and a' that:
A bonnie maid needs no such aid—
  A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
  And sure it will for a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
  Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the truth—
  A girl's a girl for a' that.

There is something *naïve* in our countryman's reply to the European traveler when asked whether he had just crossed the Alps: "Wa'al, now you call my attention to the circumstance, I believe I did pass risin' ground a spell ago."

When the "pledge" was being circulated at a temperance meeting a decidedly inebriated individual presented himself and offered his signature. The chairman remarked, "This is a very important step, my friend, and I trust you realize the responsibility you are assuming." "Oh, I can stand the (hic) sponsibility," was the response; "I've done it lots of times before."

### SHE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

She never smiled again—her lips
  Were never wreathed with dimples merry;
Her mirth had suffered an eclipse,
  And she looked melancholy—very.

She never smiled again, her face
  From that sad hour was fixed so grimly;
Nor sign of joy you there could trace,
  But only sorrow shadowed dimly.

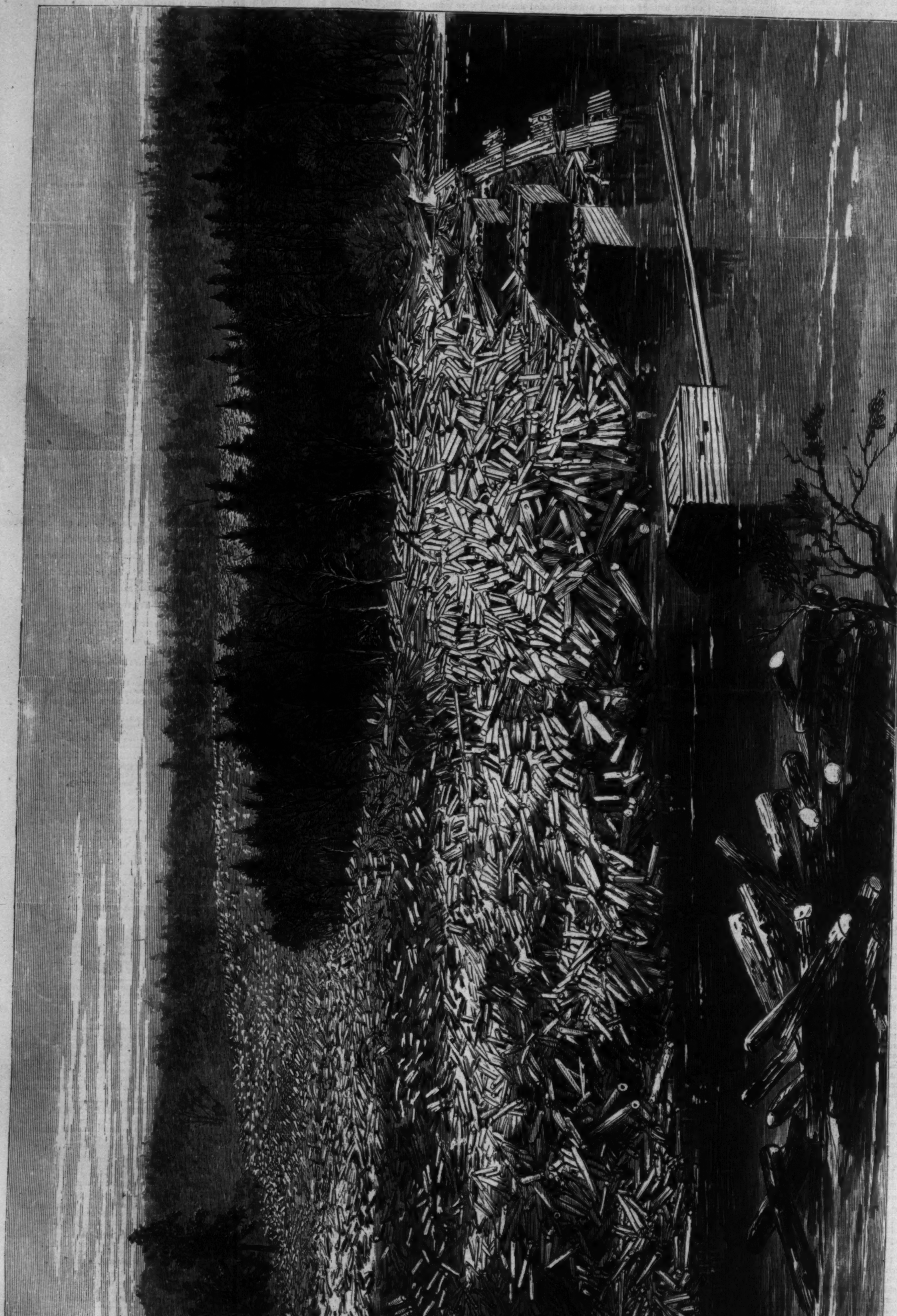
She never smiled again; beneath
  Their cruel power what griefs restrained her?
She'd been a martyr to her teeth—
  But oh, it was not they that pained her.

For she had lost them, every one—
  Ay, one by one her jaws they quitted;
'Twas then her business was done—
  She went to get her mouth refitted.

And certain wicked dentists had
  (I think it right the world should know it)
Put in a set so false and bad,
  She never smiled lest she should show it.

Some old bachelor who, no doubt, had a "flea" in his ear, thus speaks of a pretty woman's "laughing eyes:"

"Of all the devils under the skies,
Devils wicked, or devils wise,
Devils short, or devils tall,
A pretty woman with laughing eyes
Is the greatest devil of them all."



FRESHETS IN THE WEST—GREAT JAM OF LOGS AT CHIPPEWA FALLS BOOM, WISCONSIN.—Photographed by N. A. Preston.—[See Page 365.]

"ERROR WOUNDED WRITHES IN PAIN."

JOHN BULL. "Did you mean to step on my Corns?"

BROTHER JONATHAN. "Yes, Sir. And if you don't pay me what you ought I'll grind your Corns for you, and swell that other Foot bigger yet!"

## REMEMBERED.

HAVE you forgotten it? I never can!
One blessed night in June,
How bright the sky, how pale your face,
In the wan light of the moon.
Do you remember it? For, oh, I do!—
The scent of flowers there:
Was it the buds upon the trees,
Or the great rose in your hair?

Have you forgotten it? I never can!
Something I risked that night;
Something I scarcely dared to speak,
Though my heart said I was right.
Do you remember it? For, oh, I do!
The first, the sweetest kiss;
Lift up your face, look in my eyes,
It was such as this—and this!

# SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

## CHAPTER II.

### AZALEA IS TRANSPLANTED.

"Go away from father! leave Topaz behind her! leave the garden, and her room, and the apple-loft!" For a while Azalea's heart seemed convulsed with sorrow, then succeeded rage. "She wouldn't go away and leave dear father. She hated the strange man who had brought her such woe. She would kick and scratch him next time she saw him." But when she met him again her heroism had evaporated, and she merely stood and glowered sullen defiance.

"You shall ride a pony, and have new books." Azalea's face softened imperceptibly. "You can come home when you like." The sobs checked, and only a convulsive gurgle was left agitating the throat. "And you will have my little girls to play with."

Azalea thought for a little while, with her finger in her mouth; then, with a damped, smeared face, she confessed to George Moore that she *should* like to see the little girls; and so Lord Orme was victor. Ere another half-day passed away it was settled that she and her new protector should leave Essex, on that same evening, on their way to Lord Orme's house at Brighton.

It was with a bitter pang in his heart that George Moore watched the two depart. When he turned to re-enter his now solitary home he felt sickened at the sight of the flowers, the tendance of which had given him so many happy hours. He looked with yet more intense distaste at the silent hearth—the vacant chair where Azalea usually sat. Now that the house was void of her dear presence a solemn pathos seemed to be attached to every trivial evidence of her childish occupations. If Topaz had only been left to blink on the worn-out hearth-rug, and bark mysteriously at sounds heard only by himself, it would have been some comfort; but Topaz had accompanied his small mistress, and George Moore went to bed feeling very sad and lonely, hating the silence of the night, but still more hating the thought of the next morning, that would dawn very blank to him, since with it he might not greet Azalea's little face.

Azalea was very silent during her journey to London. She wept at first when she thought of daddy, with no one to make his tea; and then she assoiled her conscience by vowing she would perform acts of unusual tenderness and devotion to him when she returned home.

"I'll bring him my new books, and I'll tell him all about the little girls," she thought. She thus partially quieted her conscience, but not entirely; for with all her tears she felt guilty of a little secret joy in this expedition, and she was clever enough to know that the pleasure with which we propose to compensate our loved ones for the pain we cause them is generally more agreeable to ourselves in reflection than it is consoling to them.

Lord Orme was also silent. He was an odd mixture of decision and indecision, and he was just now suffering in consequence of this duplex phase of his character. Jonathan Wild bids a man to be wholly good or wholly bad: he asserts that there is no happiness, no peace to be found in the middle road. If Nature, when moulding Lord Orme, had not formed him with a piebald conscience he would have been a happier man.

As he now sat in the railway carriage, with one long-repressed wish matured, and the little girl by his side, he felt just a little doubtful of the success of his project. Rosa and Amelia had never looked so neat in his eyes; their governess, Miss Slater, had never seemed so rigidly particular about hands and feet and general deportment as now, when he inwardly contrasted them with this unkempt, weird-looking child.

He had written to Miss Slater on the previous day to warn her that the orphan daughter of his old nurse would accompany him on his return home. "The child is living in a lonely house in the country, and I wish to give her a little pleasure for her mother's sake, who was a most attached and faithful servant," he wrote.

Lord Orme had not yet grown strong enough in the exercise of his new-found courage to tell the truth even to his servants. "We'll see how she gets on," he said, apostrophizing Azalea; and while he meditated, and Azalea stared, the train rolled into London.

It was quite late at night when the two arrived at Brighton.

The mysterious moan of the sea, hitherto unknown to her, filled Azalea with a vague sense of awe. "What is it?" she asked. "Why does it hiss so?"

She put her head eagerly out of the carriage window, and looked at the waves rippling in the silver moonlight. "Oh, it is beautiful!" she cried, with a deep indrawn breath; "It's like ever so many moving, shining meadows!"

Lord Orme had ridden and walked for so many years on the cliff that he had forgotten the sea's existence. It was always there, and so he never thought of it. He had thought of many things during his daily perambulations—of his wife's temper, of his multifarious bills, of his dinner, of his horses, but rarely of the great breadth of waters before him; consequently he was a little disconcerted when Azalea turned on him suddenly with, "Do you ever see Christ walking on the waves?"

"N-n-n-o; what do you mean?" Lord Orme asked, with a slight start.

The child did not answer him; she had turned her face seaward again, her eyes drinking in the wondrous beauty of the scene before her. At Auriel she used to watch the red-gold clouds until her vivid imagination peopled the rosy vapors with bright faces. She had seen Peter the Apostle with his face bowed on his breast, Mary Magdalen lying abashed in masses of her own fair hair; and through the crowd of spirits came One more beautiful than all others, who smiled on Peter until the shame passed away from his countenance, and who held out His hand to Mary till she rose joyfully and trailed her fair tresses after Him, with her hands clasped in adoration. If Azalea had been asked to put these fancies into words she would have been much puzzled. She could not even express to Topaz, who was her usual confidant, all the lovely things she thought she saw, or why she saw them.

Lord Orme, not yet accustomed to the child's odd questions, looked at her uneasily during the rest of the drive. "I hope she isn't mad," he murmured.

The carriage stopped before a handsome portico, and a stream of light came through the open door of Lord Orme's house as he led Azalea up the flight of steps.

She was dazzled by the light when she got inside the door, and a little scared by the sight of so many tall men with white heads and silk stockings walking about. When she had space to look round her she could see no little faces, could hear no sound of childish voices.

Lord Orme interpreted rightly the look of disappointment on Azalea's face.

"Come with me, my dear," he said, desperately; and taking the child's hand he led her up the richly carpeted stairs into a handsomely furnished room. A tea-table, glittering with silver and glass, two little creatures seated round the table in high-backed chairs—little creatures who seemed to be all muslin and elbows—a tall, stiff lady advancing to meet them, a boy standing by the fire swinging a whip in his hand: such was the view disclosed to Azalea's wondering eyes.

The little girls descended from their seats and tripped gracefully across the room to their father. "Good-evening, dear papa," said one, and, "Evening, dear papa," echoed the other. The biggest girl looked askance at the battered hat, and the youngest looked nervously back at her plate, as though fearful that the strange arrival boded no good to the one withered-looking piece of cake left in the dish. Miss Slater bent her head in answer to Lord Orme's bow, and then looked patronizingly at the hat. For a moment there was an uncomfortable pause. Azalea, without knowing why, felt inclined to weep. Lord Orme pulled his ear—a sure symptom with him of a perplexed mind. Miss Slater broke the silence.

"The little girl would like to have some tea, I dare say," she suggested. Azalea eyed the tea-table hungrily, but said nothing.

"I suppose that your lordship would prefer her having it in the housekeeper's room."

"I should prefer nothing of the sort," his lordship said, angrily. "She shall have her tea here, or in the drawing-room with me if she will inconvenience you too much here."

Miss Slater looked at Lord Orme's face, noted that the blue eyes met hers with decision, and that the mouth, usually so sweet and irresolute in expression, was firmly compressed. "Certainly, my lord. Perhaps it would be better," she added, glancing at the empty tea-pot, "to have some fresh tea." This apparently harmless remark was a better-aimed shaft at the new arrival than the first one. Like all his other qualities, Lord Orme's generosity was of a mixed nature. Liberal to extreme on occasions when his generosity was largely taxed, he "had a frugal mind" in respect of trifling expenses. One of his little peculiarities was an objection to having overmuch tea, sugar, or cream consumed at his table. He would limit himself to the smallest modicum of these luxuries, and fondly hoped his example was followed by the other inhabitants of Orme House, who, in fact, wasted these articles as lavishly as every thing else. My lord stepped gayly up to the table, and viewed with satisfaction a cold, sullen drop or two of liquid that oozed from the spout as he tilted the tea-pot over a cup. "It's very strong what there is of it," he said. "We shall only require some hot water."

Azalea sat down at table, and was watched with great interest by Rosa and Amelia, and ultimately by Conrad. The latter had nearly made up his mind that the new-comer was "jolly," and was waiting some fitting opportunity of communicating to her that conviction. When tea was over, Lord Orme invited Miss Slater to accompany him to the drawing-room.

"I dare say the children will get on better alone," he suggested; "besides which, I should be glad to have a little private conversation with you."

Miss Slater fluttered and smiled. Prim as she was, she could not forget the fact that Lord Orme was now a widower. The door closed, and the brother and sisters were left alone.

Conrad was eleven, Rosa one year older. Amelia was the youngest, and her youthful plumpness of outline contrasted quaintly with the prim dignity Miss Slater had taught her to assume.

"Now, girls, put off your stuck-up airs," Conrad said, rudely. "She's gone, and it's no go humbugging me. Let's have a game with the new girl."

Azalea advanced toward Amelia. "Do show me your dolls and books," she said, eagerly. "Lord Orme tells me you've got such lots of pretty things; and I've never seen but two dolls in my life."

Amelia had a short consultation with Rosa, when Rosa spoke:

"We will show them to you, but you mustn't touch them."

Azalea gave the required pledge, and all four children advanced toward a cupboard where the toys were kept, ranged in order, by command of Miss Slater, who did not permit unseemly confusion to exist even among the dolls' legs and arms.

Azalea sat still for some little while, content to look at the wonders of civilization with which the cupboard was stored; but after a while she found it irksome to see the outside of books she was not allowed to touch, and trying to her feelings to watch the consumption of bonbons which were never offered to herself. Her dullness was broken in upon by the sound of a whining outside the door, accompanied by a vigorous scratching against the panels.

"Oh! it's my darling! It's Topaz!" cried Azalea, with a gush of tenderness, which was perhaps greater because she was feeling disappointed by her new companions. She ran to the door and admitted the terrier, who leaped round her, barking with delight at the reunion. Azalea took her favorite to the table and poured out some milk for him. Milk was a favorite beverage with Topaz at Auriel: his tail wagged, and his eyes glistened with the delight of anticipation.

"Oh! crikey, won't she catch it, just!" cried Conrad, as he watched the unconscious Azalea's proceedings, while Rosa Orme, assuming an air of authority, which was in ludicrous imitation of her governess, walked up to Azalea.

"You must not do that on *any* account."

"Why not?" said Azalea, simply.

"It is not allowed, and, indeed, no dogs are allowed here at all."

Azalea looked at Topaz, and saw that his tail was quivering more than ever.

"I can't disappoint him," she said.

"He *mustn't* have it," Rosa repeated, sharply.

"Mustn't he?" retorted ill-bred Azalea, with a sarcastic grin; and in another instant Topaz was lapping up the contents of the saucer.

"I shall go and complain to Miss Slater," Rosa said, with dignity.

"Pray do," Azalea answered, coolly; "I don't mind what you say to Miss Slater; I don't like her."

"You *are* a jolly girl," Conrad said, admiringly. "I don't like Miss Slater; she's a beast; and the girls don't like her either, only they're sneaks, and daren't say so. Girls always are sneaks," he added, reflectively, as he flung the lash of his whip to and fro in the direction of Topaz's tail.

"Don't do that," Azalea said, hastily; but she was too late, for the terrier, receiving an accidental cut on his hind legs, turned round with his black and tan face, a perfect spark of anger, and flew at Conrad's legs.

There was an exclamation of pain and rage from the latter, a hurried flight to a high range of sofas on the part of Rosa and Amelia, and an ineffectual attempt of Azalea's arms to secure Topaz; and then Conrad, recovering his senses, regained his hold of the whip he had dropped in the surprise of pain, and in his blind rage lashed Topaz and Azalea's legs and the chairs and tables indiscriminately.

For an instant the girl stood panting with rage, her face livid, and her blue eyes flashing; then she flung herself on to Conrad, and attacked him in a manner unscientific but effective, *i. e.*, with crooked fingers.

"How dare you!" she gasped, between the scratches; "you nasty cowardly little brute. Ugh!"

By a violent effort Conrad disengaged himself; then he stood up with hands clenched.

"Now come on!" he cried, gloriously. He had been taught to box by a professor of the noble art of making our fellow-creatures' flesh into jelly, and it had been impressed on his mind that before *science* brute strength "was as nothing." Strongly imbued with this belief, he felt that the very attitude he assumed would be crushing to his small antagonist. When suddenly, with a mighty rush, Azalea flew at him, beating down his guard, and reducing him to lower his head with a loud yell, and to rush round the room in full flight, crying, "Pax, pax!" He stopped when he found that Azalea, in lieu of pursuing him, was caressing the object of the strife, and recovering his spirits a little, began to square his arms once more, and to dance about on his toes in feeble imitation of the professor.

When the door opened, which it did at that juncture, it disclosed an appalling sight to the eyes of Miss Slater, who entered with Lord Orme. Conrad, with little rivulets of blood trickling down his face, stood in attitude of defense, facing Azalea. She, with flushed cheeks and ruffled hair, was eying him wrathfully, and the glance she turned on Miss Slater was so menacing that that lady involuntarily recoiled with a vague impression that hell had broken loose, and had sent its imps to desecrate her orderly apartment. She turned her appealing face and clasped hands toward Lord Orme, but that gentleman's eyes were riveted on Conrad.

"Good Heavens, Sir!" cried the father, harshly, "why do you stick out your elbows like that?" and walking up swiftly to Conrad, with a vicious grip he flattened the boy's arms into their right position. "If you're mean enough to hit a girl," he continued, "at least do it in proper style."

"Oh! my dear children," Miss Slater said, in an agitated tone to the Misses Orme, who were piping little shrill cries of alarm at a safe distance from the combatants, "*what* has happened to cause this dreadful scene?"

"I think they had better all go to bed," said Lord Orme, despairingly.

Miss Slater folded her arms round her charges impressively.

"My dears," she murmured, as she gave them a parting salute, "let this be a warning to you."

"No need to warn them!" cried the incorrigible Conrad; "they've got no lark in them."

"Won't you shake hands with your—with Rosa and Amelia?" suggested Lord Orme to Azalea.

The latter hunched her shoulders ungraciously. "I don't like 'em," she said, impressively.

"Azalea!" cried Lord Orme, sharply, "show Miss Slater that you know how to behave as a lady."

The child hung her head with shame and rebellion in her face; then, with a great gulp, she steadied her voice and looked up.

"I am sorry to have given so much trouble; good-night, Miss Slater."

In spite of the cotton dress and the rustic voice there was a dignity in the child's manner that took her auditors by surprise. Lord Orme was inwardly pleased. "Race always peeps out somewhere," he muttered to himself. He was thinking of his own aristocratic lineage. By the time Azalea reached the door the vulgar element (derived perhaps from the mother's side) was in the ascendant again; for when Miss Slater suggested benignly that she was glad the little girl was ashamed of herself—"and poor child, how was she to know better?"—Azalea was heard to murmur to herself, "I ain't a bit ashamed, and I hate 'em all."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE FIRST MORNING AT BRIGHTON.

THE next morning Azalea awoke as the day was dawning—awoke with a strange wonder at missing the sound of rustling leaves and twittering birds outside her window. She rubbed her eyes, and then thrust her little white feet out of bed and stared out of the opposite window. She sat and watched until all the gray shadows in the air melted away before the new-risen run. There was a fresh breeze at sea; waves were rushing and tumbling over each other in mighty volumes of hissing foam. Just where the wan light in the east broadened over the foaming anger beneath it, Azalea could discern a troubled sail dipping and rising with the alternate recoil and advance of the waters.

She sat and looked until she was filled with restless longing. She must go down and get near to those frothy ridges of water. She thirsted to breathe that stormy wind, to plant her feet on the shining heaps of shingle. In a little while the curly head and battered hat found their way down stairs, and Azalea, mounted on a high chair, was making desperate attempts to slide back the heavy bolts of the front-door. A good-natured char-woman, hired to obviate the necessity of Lord Orme's servants rising too early, came to her assistance.

"You want to get out, dear," she said, kindly, and then she looked after Azalea, astonished at the novel importation into Orme House. The latter ran swiftly down the road until she came to the esplanade wall. Underneath she saw there were winding paths that led down to the beach, and creeping under the shelter of the wall to the gateway, she soon gained one of these, and ran down the slopes as only a child can run with all her heart in her legs.

How glorious it was! the sun was brighter now on the water; all along the coast the sea seemed alive in its light; the heavy shoes dashed recklessly through the wet shingle, and Azalea pounced on to every clump of shining weed she saw, and trailed them up to her nose with an expression of mingled ecstasy and wonder. The cross, white faces of Rosa and Amelia; the prim outline of Miss Slater—all faded away before the immensity of her new sensations. She could not define them; she only knew that she was inhaling with her breath, devouring with her eyes, and feeling with every instinct of her living frame a wondrous exultation. She clapped her hands in the foam that splashed her glowing cheeks; she laughed out with delight, and did not heed how lonely her voice sounded, opposed to that heaving mass of water, in the silent glory of the early morning, as yet unbroken by any other human disturbance. At last, breathless, and with arms full of glutinous weeds and wave-worn pebbles, she sat down to rest under the shelter of a boat that stood on a high mound of shingle.

Unfortunately, when she had first begun to paddle in the humid shingle, she had kicked her shoes off that she might the more unrestrainedly plunge her feet into the curling eddies of foam that kept circling up near her; now when she drew on her flannel socks, she searched in vain for one of the shoes.

Not wishing to wet her socks, she hopped up and down for some few minutes—a somewhat fatiguing method of locomotion in deep shingle—and then she stopped short; for, bobbing on the crest of an advancing wave, she saw a black object suspiciously like that she sought. She made a desperate plunge, and very nearly succeeded in catching hold of the leathern boot-lace, which danced in aggravating proximity to her hand, and then off it went again as the waters receded.

Azalea stood breathless and despairing: "How am I ever to catch it?" she cried, piteously.

"Hallo! have you come to grief?" said some one behind her, in a cheerful voice.

Azalea turned round, and recognized her antagonist of the night before.

"They're in a dreadful state about you—at least pa is; they think you're lost, you know—run away, or something. Pa is sending out every where for you; and Miss Slater said it was providential, and told Rosa and Amelia to

pray for you when they said grace over their breakfast. I guess she'll pray to a different tune when she finds you're all right," the ingenuous youth added, with a grin.

"How can I go home like this?" urged Azalea, pointing downward to her shoeless foot. "Oh, do help me to catch it!" she cried, as once more the waves brought the black speck nearer to her.

"Catch hold!" he cried, flinging off his velvet jacket on to Azalea's arm; and in another instant he was wading valorously into the waters.

Unhappily, the length of his legs was not proportionate to the greatness of his courage, and the latter seemed nearly to evaporate when he suddenly found that he had lost his footing.

"I'm carried off my legs!" he began to shout; but a kindly wave placed him in reach of Azalea's hand, and the latter dragged him on terra firma.

"Pray don't try any more," she said, hastily; "I had much rather lose the shoe than see you do that again. Thank you, all the same," she added, gratefully.

"Oh! it was nothing at all: I can do much more plucky things than that," the young hero said, magnificently. Nevertheless, he did not offer to repeat his experiment, and Azalea turned away from the sea, casting one wistful look after her lost property.

"I'm going another way," Conrad said, suddenly, when they reached the cliff. He had not minded the risk of being drowned, but it was impossible that he could walk up to the house in company with this shabby little girl.

As she drew near the house she saw Lord Orme standing on his threshold, looking anxiously in a different direction from that whence she came. "Oh dear! if he'd only go in before he saw me!" Azalea murmured, nervously. She was not struck by the fact that Lord Orme was the only inmate of Orme House who cared to watch for the truant. It is sad how little we prize anxiety which is likely to entail reproaches on us from the loving one.

When Lord Orme did turn his eyes on Azalea he hardly knew whether to laugh or swear, whether to rejoice or scold. Relieved of his anxiety, his first impulse was to curse the cause of it; but the vituperation died away in a low, smothered laugh, as he noted the supreme absurdity of her appearance.

Hopping along the cold pavement like a dejected bird in winter time, that carries his leg in his feathers for warmth's sake; her face downcast, her ruffled head bare to the wind; the old hat fluttering like a dismal pennon behind her; her hands rosy with cold, stiffly clenched on long trails of shining sea-weeds; a few pebbles hugged up in her lap, Topaz glaring under her arm, two little toes peeping out from the exposed gray stocking!—such was the picture presented to Lord Orme and the two spotlessly-attired little girls who, with their governess, looked from the window on what Miss Slater termed "the disgrace to Lord Orme's door-steps."

## CHAPTER IV.

### A GLIMPSE OF LADY DIANA.

LORD ORME, ere he followed Azalea through the doorway, looked round involuntarily to see whether any one was observing the child's unseemly appearance.

For an instant he saw nothing but the long row of houses, gleaming white in the morning sun, the empty parade, and the flutter of the sail which Azalea had previously noticed. Relieved in his mind, he was about to re-enter his house, when a slight gust of wind wafted past him an almond scent of flowers.

"Heliotrope," said Lord Orme, inhaling its fragrance with satisfaction; "how sweet it is! that must come from the balcony next door."

He looked at the balcony in question, and there his glance fell on something even more lovely than the tendrils that had been taught to writhe round and clamber over, in wanton profusion, the harsh lines of iron bars; something sweeter, to a man's eyes, than the summer-like breaths that came from the boxes of mignonnette, and the purple bloom of the heliotropes. There, with her face averted, her gaze turned seaward, her arms crossed on the balustrade, her whole attitude indicative of voluptuous repose, stood a lady, who appeared quite unconscious of observation.

Apparently she had stepped out from her dressing-room to breathe for an instant the fresh morning air, and feast her eyes on the waves, tumbling in sun and shadow against the coast. The wind lifted the warm-colored auburn hair, which floated over her shoulders, and fluttered the lace sleeves that hung loosely about her round white arms. The face was averted; only the edge of one pink cheek was visible; but the plenteous hair, the bared arms, and the undulating outline of her figure, round which the velvet robe fell with such exquisite harmony—all indicated that the tenant of the balcony was that fairest of God's works, a beautiful woman. The face that was averted from Lord Orme was as charming as the beauty hinted by her little ear, bright cheek, and brighter hair indicated. Blue-gray eyes, heavy lidded; a delicate nose; a rose-bud mouth; lips overfull for classical perfection, but not for man's worship; a dimpled chin, and round throat. For her faults; the eyes were too close together; the face, when closely examined, showed certain weary lines; the eyes wore an anxious expression: had it not been for the infantine dimpled chin, you would have said that the first bloom of youth no longer rested on this charming countenance; but when the face became animated—when the eyes glistened, and the lips smiled—then men were ready to swear that Lady Diana Merton numbered, not thirty-five, but twenty summers.

She moved presently as if to re-enter her chamber, and as she turned she lifted her arms slightly and yawned, as though the languor of sleep still hung over her; the movement flung back the lace sleeves yet further, and sent a great float of warm hair down to her waist. The purple robe, the red flowers that bloomed near its hem, the bright face, the grace of her movement, all combined to form a lovely picture, a charming bit of color for a painter's eye, a lovely sight to any man.

Lord Orme glanced once toward the balcony, and then his gaze lowered, and he looked steadfastly at another object which was coming rapidly down the cliff.

"By G—! I think she goes a little short on that near leg. Nicholls" (this was to his groom), "take that mare to the stables; I shall be out to look at her directly." Then dropping his voice mysteriously—for he was as tender of his horse's reputation as he could be of his daughter's—he added, "I'm afraid there's something wrong with that leg."

Lady Diana trailed her rich robes back through her window without perceiving her successful rival, the mare, and went to her breakfast with a pleased smile deepening her dimples.

Lord Orme shook his head sadly as he turned to re-enter his house. "I gave a hundred and fifty for her," he murmured.

It was afternoon; the sun was hot on the sea, and the stormy wind of the morning had entirely subsided; the air was now too languid to ripple the edges of the waves; all the moving shadows in the sea's breast, all the thousand sparkles which had danced innumerable in the wind's strong face, had died away in the hot, indolent calm of noon.

It was three o'clock; the Misses Orme had finished their lessons, and were preparing for their afternoon promenade on the cliff.

Lord Orme had directed the housekeeper to provide some clothes for Azalea more in accordance with town fashion than the print frock and flannel socks.

"What a difference dress *do* make, to be sure!" Mrs. Benson said, admiringly, when her task was ended, and Azalea ragged and Azalea comfortable was transformed into neat and uncomfortable Azalea.

She led the child to a mirror and bid her look at herself. The reflection represented a young lady habited in a neat blue cloth suit; her short, boy-like curls were disposed in smooth, glossy order under a Leghorn hat. A delicate pair of ankles were done justice to by fine silk stockings and close-fitting kid boots.

"Now, miss, you are to go out and walk with the governess and the young ladies; and oh! here is a muff. What is that for? Why to put your hands in, to be sure; and here is a parasol. I'm sure you look as nice as a new sixpence, (*aside*) much nicer than those pasty-faced weasels down stairs."

Azalea looked pleased. "Yes, I look quite as nice as they do," she thought. She thanked Mrs. Benson, and walked down stairs with a dignified trip, which had something of Rosa Orme's manner in it.

She felt strong in the possession of stiff skirts. Inwardly she said to Rosa and Amelia, "I can stick out as well as you."

Miss Slater and the young ladies received her with grim silence when she reached the sitting-room. Only once did the former lift up her voice as the party quitted the house.

"*Not* that dog, I beg, Miss Moore."

Topaz was pattering down stairs after them with a speed which threatened to break his thin, spidery legs.

"I will go out by myself, if you like," Azalea said, politely; "but, of course, Topaz wants his walk."

She walked on, Topaz trotting contentedly by her side. Her companions had no option but to follow her, for Lord Orme had cautioned the governess not to leave the child alone when outside the house.

The four walked on in silence for a time, making part of the brilliant living panorama that shifted to and fro by the side of the gray sea-line. Miss Slater and her charges were endeavoring to detect familiar faces among the bright masses of the crowd. Azalea had no one at whom to make stiff bows or little false smiles, so she turned her eyes oceanward.

Nowhere are nature and art brought face to face in such marked contrast as at Brighton. On the cliff above is perishable, in the waves below imperishable mutability. The old sea can hiss scorn up to the stream of puppets that make a narrow line of color between earth and sky, crying, "Oh, miserable pigmies! cease to scan the traces of passion, desire, or sorrow in your clay faces, and look at the naked splendor of *me*, who was before ever man was born—of me, who have rotted the treasure and the lives of past generations, kinsmen whom ye have only known by tradition, who will wash away the features of your children's children; who will heave and storm, smile and dimple when man has ceased to be; when the silence of the Void once more falls on earth and ocean, and your unmeaning laughter and helpless tears will no longer echo over my vast loneliness."

Some dim sense of the contrast between the gay flutter of the crowd and the sullen grandeur of the steel-gray waters below reached Azalea.

"Do you ever feel afraid of the sea?" she asked Rosa Orme.

"I'm afraid when I'm on it—I'm so afraid of being sea-sick," was that young lady's prosaic answer.

"You have been on it!" Azalea said, in an awe-stricken tone. "What did it feel like?"

"First your head goes round and round, then it seems to swim up to the top of a wave and down again to your shoes, and then—oh, it's dreadful!"

"I think I should love it," Azalea said, dreamily.

"Wait till you're on it," was the significant rejoinder. The conversation was interrupted by Miss Slater.

"Rosa, dear; heads up—toes down."

Rosa obeyed, and tripped on with increased haughtiness of aspect, while Azalea drooped her head in involuntary rebellion to that harsh, untender voice.

Meanwhile various little annoyances incidental to her assumption of new attire began to trouble Azalea.

Her shoes, new and stiff, already girded her over the instep. Her feet, numbed and compressed, seemed to terminate in one aching toe. She thought remorsefully of that dear old comfortable shoe resting under her dressing-table, and of its companion, now probably full of sea-water, softer and more comfortable than ever. She hated her gloves too; they seemed to tie up all the freedom of her fingers; and most of all did she loathe a certain ruche of lace which formed the collar of her dress, and which was drawn together by two strings, one of which dangled down her back, and irritated the wearer to a sort of fidgety frenzy.

"Oh!" groaned Azalea, turning, and desperately facing Miss Slater, "I can't bear it any longer; I shall go mad presently."

Miss Slater, regarding her little enemy with angry and distrustful eyes, sought to frown her into silence; but Medusa would have had no effect under the circumstances, unless she had first flung one of her snakes down Azalea's back, and commanded it to swallow the offending string.

"Oh!" said the latter, tearfully, "do put your hand down my back and pull it away."

The little girls giggled. Miss Slater gave the child a rough push forward. Azalea stumbled in the impetus given to her steps, and at the same moment dropped her muff. Ere she had time to recover it Topaz's quick eye noted the fallen prize. It was a glorious plaything for a light-hearted, active dog. He scampered up by-streets, then back and down the pavement, then across the cliff; and every time he dropped it he growled a general defiance to all canimity, until he had managed to fix again the fur securely between his sharp white teeth.

"Oh dear!" cried Azalea, dismally; "how can I get him to stop?"

Then she suddenly, to the horror of her companions, gave utterance to a succession of shrill sounds.

"Your papa never could have foreseen all this," Miss Slater said, with not unnatural indignation. "To be seen in company with a girl who stands still in the middle of Brighton, whistling like a plow-boy, is rather too much to endure. I have no control over that vulgar little creature; but I must beg you, Rosa and Amelia, to walk on."

Azalea did not see that her party had deserted her; her eyes were fixed on the movements of her favorite. Topaz had carried off the muff to the other side of the cliff, and incautiously chose to sit down and regard his prize in the face of an advancing pony-chaise, drawn by two pretty little fretting bay ponies, and his mistress perceived that, unless he moved away very quickly, he would infallibly be run over in another moment.

The lady who was driving the pony-chaise (we have seen her charming face before) was turning her little nose and dreamy gray eyes toward the sea as her ponies' hoofs clattered in dangerous proximity to Topaz's head. Then she looked languidly toward the cliff, and was curving her whip-lash through the air with the intention of stimulating the ponies' speed, when a white desperate little face rose up suddenly in front of them. A small but firm hand clutched hold of the reins, and then the ponies reared up. There was a sound of a yelp. The child's face disappeared, the ponies bounded forward, and Lady Di Merton understood from the exclamations of the crowd round her that she had driven over a child.

## MARRIAGE DAYS.

MARRIAGE is the only ceremony that in some form or other is universal all over the habitable globe; the most highly civilized na[illegible] and the most savage tribe alike appearing to recognize the necessity of the union of one man and one woman, that the purpose of their creation may be carried out.

In "The Marriage Day in all Ages and Countries," just published by Harper & Brothers, New York, the author has entered in a very full and interesting manner into the subject of marriages as celebrated all over the world, and from his book we make a few selections for our readers.

Among many civilized nations great importance is attached to the day of the week on which a marriage takes place. In former times the Jews fixed certain days for the respective ceremonies of betrothal and marriage; thus, the fourth day was appointed for virgins, and the fifth for widows. Similarly, the more modern Hebrews fixed Wednesday and Friday for the former, and Thursday for the latter. In the present century Wednesday is generally the day on which the Jew spinsters and bachelors celebrate their marriages, and on the following day a ball concludes the affair; but if either of the parties has been previously married the Sabbath is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The original reason for selecting Wednesday was because the Sanhedrim held its sitting on Thursday, and therefore the newly married man could immediately after his wedding bring his wife before the meeting, *if he had any ground of complaint against her.*

The belief is very general that Friday is an unlucky day for marriage. In Barbary no marriage is permitted on that day or on Tuesday and Wednesday.

In Norway and Sweden Sunday is the favorite for bridals, while Thursday, the day of Thor, is looked upon as a Pagan day on which no Christian ceremonies ought to be performed.

In Scotland the upper classes affect Monday for their weddings, while the lower classes generally select Tuesday, perhaps because in 1711 it was enacted, for the better observance of the Sabbath, no wedding should take place on Monday.

Another peculiarity of the Scottish people is, that they much favor the last day of the year for celebrating marriages. There are more weddings on that day in Scotland than in any week of the year, except, of course, the week in which that day occurs. When the new moon and the last day of the year are coincident the time is considered very propitious. In Wales Saturday would appear to be the great marrying day. In England there are yet extant many superstitions about the wedding-day. "Marry in Lent, and you'll live to repent," is a saying still current. Innocent's day, 28th December, is considered particularly unlucky. A popular rhyme in English country places gives the folk-lore relating to the days of the week on which weddings ought and ought not to take place:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

In Roman Catholic countries the Church forbids marriage from the first Sunday in Advent until after the twelfth day or the Feast of Circumcision, and from the beginning of Lent until Low-Sunday.

The stage of the moon has more influence with semi-barbarous peoples than the day of the week in fixing the date proper for marriage. The ancient Greeks married either at the full or at the new moon; the Romans paid less attention to the moon, and more to the particular month, although they considered the Calends, Nones, and Ides of every month unsuitable for marriage, they specially disliked the chilly month of February and the blooming month of May. In many parts of England and Scotland a superstitious feeling against May marriages still lingers.

So important was marriage considered among the Spartans that celibacy in men was deemed infamous; and, by the laws of Lycurgus, criminal proceedings might be taken against those who married too late or unsuitably, as well as against those who did not marry at all. An old bachelor was stigmatized, and obliged to walk naked in the winter through the market-place, singing a satirical song on himself.

In 1695 the local authorities of Eastham, in Massachusetts, voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows yearly while he remained single, and that, as a penalty for not obeying the order, he should not get married until he had destroyed the requisite number in arrear. In 1756 the Assembly of Maryland laid a tax of five shillings a year upon all bachelors above thirty-five years of age who were possessed of one hundred pounds; and of twenty shillings a year upon all bachelors and widowers, without children, who were above that age and possessed of three hundred pounds.

In very few countries does affection appear to enter into the question of the marriage rite; purchase would appear to be the more common method of acquiring a wife over the greater part of the world. In some places the cost would not appear to be heavy. In Syria the father receives for his daughter five special articles, namely, a carpet, a nose-ring, a neck-chain, bracelets, and a camel-bag, whatever the latter may be. These articles, however, are made over to the young woman.

The Babylonians, like the Assyrians, held a kind of market of their daughters at certain times every year. They were assembled in a public place, where they were exposed to general view, and disposed of to the best bidders by the public crier. The money given for the purchase of the handsome ones was applied to portion out those who were deficient in personal attractions.

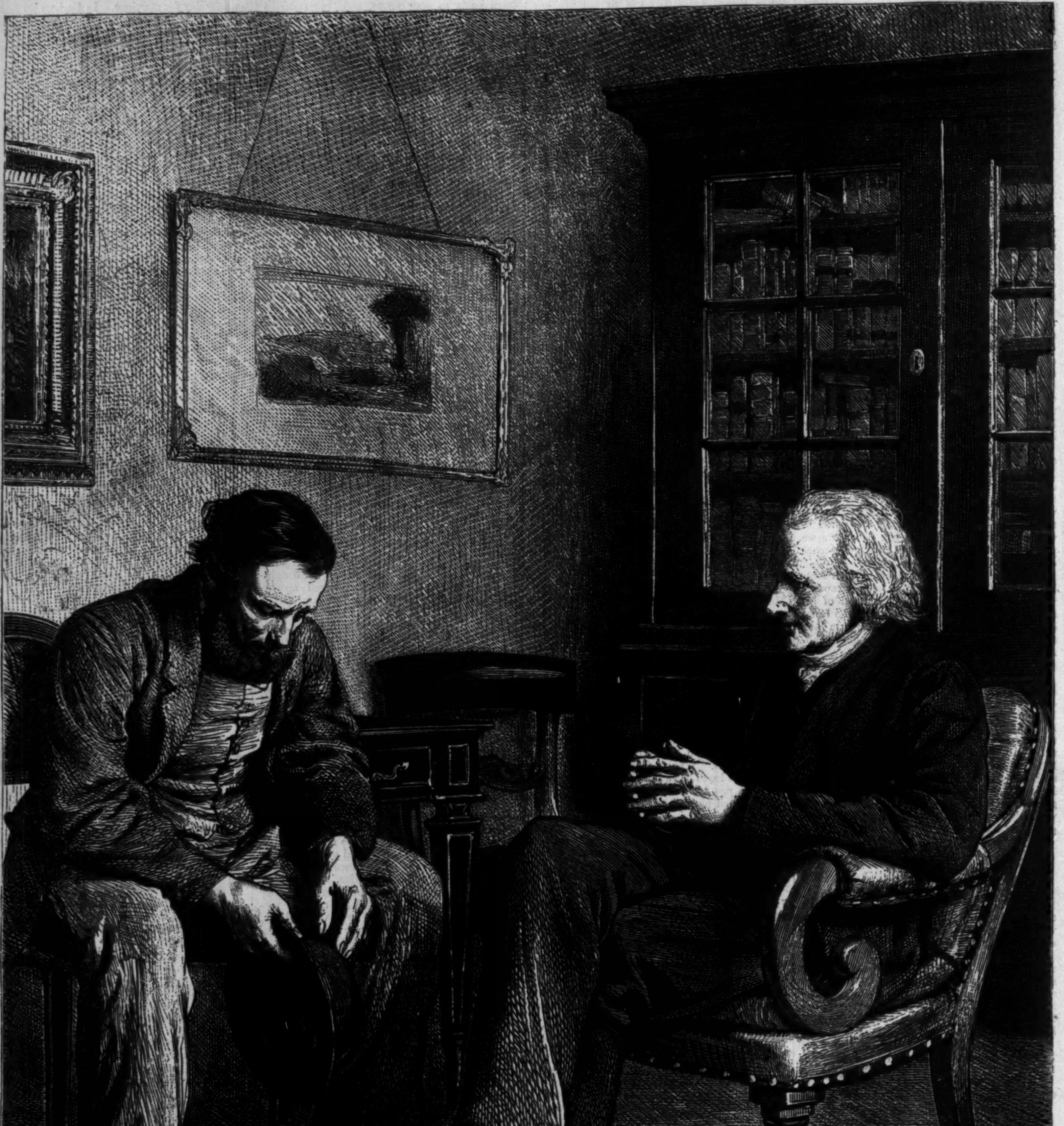
The quasi-Christians of Georgia and Circassia contract their marriages on very sudden resolutions, and treat them as mere matters of purchase and sale, according to the value of the woman.

In China, among the respectable classes, the husband gives the wife a dowry; and, in fact, from the amount of it, and from the number of valuable presents which he makes her, he may be said to purchase her.

In Java, in common marriages, a price is always paid by the husband for his wife.

Upon the west coast of Africa, when a girl is of a marriageable age she is conducted about the village by her friends, in order to advertise the fact; and her hands and arms are adorned with gold trinkets, as lures to the young men. In South Africa a woman is invariably sold into matrimony, and sometimes as many as twenty dollars are given for her. In case of separation the husband receives back from his wife's relations the price that he paid for her.

Dr. Clarke, in his "Travels," says: "The ceremony of marriage among the Kalmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her she becomes his wife, and returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued; in this case she will not suffer him to overtake her. We were assured that no instance occurs of a



GOOD ADVICE.

Kalmuck girl being thus caught, unless she have a partiality to the pursuer. If she dislikes him she rides, to use the language of English sportsmen, 'neck or nought,' until she has completely effected her escape, or until her pursuer's horse becomes exhausted, leaving her at liberty to return, and to be afterward chased by some more favored admirer." This ride is not undertaken until after the price for the girl has been agreed upon between the would-be bridegroom and her friends, he thus having to pay for as well as to capture her.

In Lapland, if one asks the father of a marriageable girl to take a drink, and the offer is accepted, it is understood that the person standing treat is accepted as a son-in-law. Such a custom introduced here would be a heavier blow to bar-rooms than any excise law ever framed.

There was anciently a fallacious notion prevalent among the ignorant in England that a man, by setting up his wife to public auction, and parting with her for a price, dissolved the nuptial bond, and escaped from all its obligations. Frequent instances of the sales of wives in open markets have occurred, and one happened so late as 1859.

Perhaps the following may be novel to many of our readers: "If a gentleman wishes to make known his desire to be married, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the little finger if he is a determined old bachelor. The same rule applies to the ladies. A ring worn on the first finger is a silent advertisement for a husband; on the second, a token of engagement; the third, matrimony; and the little finger, the gentle intimation of the wish to die an old maid." According to the author of a book called "Love's Telegraph," the above is a modern American fashion.

## "THE UNWELCOME VISITOR."

This picture is from a painting by Mr. Ansdell, an English artist, who is well known as a skillful animal painter. This subject, however, is somewhat out of his beaten track. Here, besides the examples of the way in which the artist has "many a time and oft" represented sheep—rams and wethers, ewes and lambs—in all situations, including that of the parents defending their young, we have a specimen of the painter's ability in depicting Monsieur Reynard, under circumstances advantageous for the display of his vulpine, slinking, cunning, and cowardly cruelty. The situation represented may appear to some readers as rather forced and questionable; but we can assure them that in parts of Scotland the foxes are very large and powerful, and correspondingly audacious, and that often they are very destructive to sheep. And with this assurance we may safely leave the picture to tell its own tale to those who may see it merely through the medium of our engraving.

## THE LOG JAM ON THE CHIPPEWA.

We illustrate on page 360 a characteristic incident of the late freshets in Wisconsin. The piers shown in the picture were put in by Pound, Halbert, & Co. to protect their works below from damage by the heavy ice freshets in the spring, and also to detain temporarily the logs, to prevent them from running into the river until they could sort out their own logs from the general drive. Some of these piers stand in forty feet water, which is quite deep for a long distance above the piers. There was a much larger amount of logs put in during the last winter than ever before, and probably about sixty million feet were put in on the ice, so that when the latter went out this large body of logs moved together and choked up the river. Immediately behind this came the general drive of probably ninety millions more. The jam formed something more than half a mile above the piers, and extended up the river more than a mile and a half—one solid mass of logs, and there they stuck, refusing to move.

A large number of men were set to work to break it up, which they finally succeeded in doing, when the entire mass moved together for half a mile, presenting one of the grandest scenes ever witnessed, although attended with some danger to those who remained on the mass while it was in motion.

The piers proved strong enough to stop the logs, else every thing below in the shape of piers, booms, and logs would have been swept away. The logs are in many places piled twenty feet above the level of the water.

## FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Birds, as regards structure, are perhaps the most perfectly endowed, as they are certainly the most beautiful and interesting, of all the lower animals. In birds there is an admirable mechanism and adaptation both for gliding in the air and swimming in the water. They surpass all other animals in the faculty of continuing their motion without resting, as well as in its rapidity. The fleetest courser can scarcely ever run more than a mile in a minute, nor support that speed beyond five or six such exertions. But the joyous swallow does this tenfold for pleasure. In his usual way he flies at the rate of one mile in a minute; and Wilson, the ornithologist, ascertained that the swallow is so engaged for ten hours every day. So can the bluebird of America, for a space of 600 miles. Carrier-pigeons move with half that celerity; one flew from Liskeard to London, 220 miles, in six hours. The golden eagle is supposed to dart through the fiercest storm at the rate of 160 miles an hour; but one of our smallest birds, the swift, can even quadruple the most excited quickness of the race-horse for a distance. Spallanzani thought that the little swift traveled at the rate of 250 miles an hour.

Inquiries into the phenomena of the flight of birds would lead us far beyond our limits. The subject is beset with error. Thus, we read: "Every one has remarked the manner in which birds of prey float, as it were, without any effort, and with steady expanded wings, at great heights in the atmosphere. This they are enabled to do from the quantity of air contained in the air-cells of their bodies, which air being taken in at a low level in the atmosphere, of course rarefies and expands as the bird ascends into higher regions. Their rapidity of descent must be accomplished by the sudden expulsion of this air, aided by their muscular efforts."

Now Dr. Crisp has read to the Zoological Society a paper "On the presence or absence of air in the bones of birds," for the purpose of showing the prevailing error upon the subject—viz., "that the bones of the bird are filled with air." Of fifty-two British birds recently dissected by him, only one, the sparrow-hawk, had the bones generally perforated for the admission of air. In thirteen others, the humeri only were hollow, and among these were several birds of short flight. In the remaining thirty-eight, neither the *humeri* nor *femora* contained air, although in this list were several birds of passage and of rapid flight—Dr. Crisp's conclusion being, that the majority of British birds have no air in their bones, and that, with the exception of the falcons, but very few British birds have hollow femora.

Mr. Gould records a most remarkable instance of rapid and sustained flight, which he witnessed on his return from North America, whither he had proceeded for the purpose of studying the habits and manners of the species of *trochilus* (humming-bird) frequenting that portion of

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.—[From a Painting by R. Ansdell.]

America. Having remarked that he arrived just prior to the period of the migration of this bird from Mexico to the north, and had ample opportunities for observing it in a state of nature, he noticed that its actions were very peculiar, and quite different from those of all other birds: the flight is performed by a motion of the wings so rapid as to be almost imperceptible; indeed, the muscular power of this little creature appears to be very great in every respect, as, independently of its rapid and sustained flight, it grasps the small twigs, flowers, etc., upon which it alights with the utmost tenacity. It appears to be most active in the morning and evening, and to pass the middle of the day in a state of sleepy torpor. Occasionally it occurs in such numbers that fifty or sixty birds may be seen in a single tree. When captured it so speedily becomes tame that it will feed from the hand or mouth within half an hour.

## THE TRUE SYSTEM OF TRADING.—CHICKERING & SONS.

Pianos, as an article of luxury, have always been held at fancy prices—marked up to figures which none of the makers ever expected to realize, except in a few cases, where the free-handed, careless rich man gives a check without questioning the price. Such instances are remarkably rare, for the great mass of purchasers search out, with inveterate persistency, for that store where they can get a good piano at the lowest possible price.

But how is the lowest price obtained? By bartering for half an hour, and then out to some other store to compare notes; returning for another bartering palaver, and securing a further reduction in price; another trudge to piano-stores where the discount offered at last store is mentioned, whereupon each maker goes a little better, until the lowest point—say 15 or 20 per cent.—is obtained, and the customer returns to the first place, gets the piano at the lowest price offered by other dealers, with perhaps a piano stool and cover thrown in, to clinch the bargain. This is the style of trade upon the fancy-price system. It is a system of diamond cut diamond; one in which the most persistent or the most unscrupulous will win; one where the buyer believes that the seller is going to cheat him, if possible, and so is ever on the defensive. A system, in short, which blunts the fine sense of honor and self-respect both in the buyer and the seller, and destroys all confidence between them.

The fancy system has always existed to a certain extent, but now that pianos are no longer luxuries, but necessities, a new and less wealthy class is brought upon the scene, and the "knocking-down" system has increased in vigor and magnitude, from the fact that, while formally with the rich it was a matter of principle, with the less rich now it is a matter of necessity.

Chickering & Sons, who have for nearly fifty years ranked as the leading manufacturers of the country, and whose position has naturally brought them into connection with the finest classes of purchasers, conscious of the growing and demoralizing influence of the system, determined to abandon it, and to adopt in its place the one-price system—a price that should be invariable, that should give assurance to the public that a Chickering Piano can be purchased at prices uniform with those of Boston and New York in Portland, Chicago, St. Louis, Charleston, New Orleans, or any other place where a Chickering agent exists, the difference being only that of boxing and transportation.

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These pianos are no cheaper to the makers than before, nor are they to those purchasers who persist until they have beaten every thing down to the very lowest point; but they are to the fair customer, who, believing that reputable houses are honest, used to pay what they were asked, but can now gain the same advantages as the discount-bargainers, without the trouble of asking for it. There is no variation in the prices named; but just so much money as is marked in the price-list can buy just such a piano as is named opposite to it.

This is as it should be; it is a movement which affects favorably all classes throughout the country; and there can not be a doubt but that Chickering & Sons will be fully and heartily indorsed wherever the knowledge of their one-priced sterling pianos extends, and it *will* travel fast enough and far enough, depend upon it.

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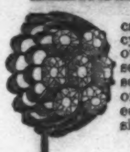

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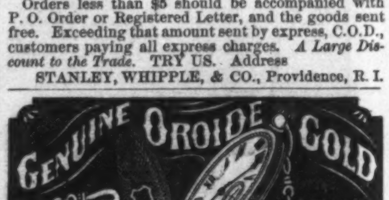


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